

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

October 1907

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"Until the final act I expected you."
SEE A "SPECKLED BIRD."

Chicago
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Published at Augusta, Maine

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Motives are better than actions. Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. Morality is but the vestibule of religion. Keep cool and you command everybody. Solitude is the audience chamber of God. We are never like angels until our passions die.

Measure your mind's height by the shadow it casts.

The good need fear no law; It is his safety and the bad man's awe. —Massinger.

Heaven must be in us before we can be in heaven.

Delicacy is to the mind what fragrance is to the fruit.

When a man knows what he is he will know why he is.

Riches are not an end of life, but an instrument of life.

Sincerity is the face of the soul, as dissimulation is the mask.

Justice is the bread of the nation; it is always hungry for it.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight, He can't be wrong whose life is in the right. —Popé.

To have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands.

Absence in love is like water upon a fire; a little quickens, but much extinguishes.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or forgiving another.

Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping without mending the leak.

If the sinner grapples with sin in his own strength, the devil knows he may go to sleep.

If God hath made this world so fair, Where sin and death abound,

How beautiful beyond compare, Will Paradise be found. —Montgomery.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of her child.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Accuracy of statement is one of the first requisites of truth; inaccuracy is a near kin to falsehood.

Pleasures, like glowworms, afar off shine bright, But looked too near have neither heat nor light. —John Webster.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond.

"What is eternity?" was asked of a deaf and dumb pupil, and his striking answer was: "It is the lifetime of the Almighty."

Men might go to heaven with half the labor they put forth to go to hell, if they would but venture their industry in the right way.

Angels may have a wider sphere of action than ourselves, and nobler forms of duty, but truth and right, to them and to us, are one and the same thing.

A Few Words by the Editor

OCTOBER is here, and the Storm King will soon be holding us in his icy grip. Already the logs are blazing on the hearth and the long evenings spent in their cheerful glow, give us time to enjoy the work of our favorite authors and magazines. Now is the time that COMFORT comforts, cheers and entertains. Don't miss a copy, for COMFORT this winter will be better than ever before. Thousands of homes have never known COMFORT's cheery influence and helpfulness. You know such homes—they are on every hand. Take compassion on COMFORTLESS homes and tell them how COMFORT can be obtained for fifteen cents a year. The people who would go without COMFORT when it can be secured for the trifling price of fifteen cents a year, must have determined to be at odds with the world, and to go through life disgruntled misanthropes. Friends, preach the gospel of comfort and good cheer, and remember the chief exponent of that joyous doctrine, is the magazine whose name is COMFORT. Remember if you subscribe now you can get the magazine until January, 1909, for fifteen cents. Fourteen copies mailed to your home for a little over one cent a copy. You can surely spare a cent a month for the best magazine in the world. Even this trifling outlay can be saved and turned into profit, if you will consult our superb premium lists. Study this list and note the article you want, and you can earn it in an hour's easy work. Read what Mrs. Ennis of Narcoossee, Fla., did in a few hours between mealtimes. Mrs. Ennis, by a lucky chance, got a sample copy of COMFORT. COMFORT and she had never met before. She hadn't grown up with COMFORT as most of you have, but had only the contents of that one sample copy to fire her enthusiasm. She looked through that copy and it set her warm kindly heart aglow. She didn't care a rap for premiums. She hadn't a single selfish motive. Quite the reverse, for she felt it was her duty to put COMFORT into the hands of everyone of her neighbors for the sake of the good it would do them, and what is most important,—what she set out to do, she did. She got twenty-one new subscribers in an hour, and she also induced each one to join the League of Cousins, of which they knew nothing, and for which privilege they had to pay an extra five cents. No premiums are given for subscriptions that include League membership, as the running of the League entails such vast amount of detail work and expense that premiums are out of the question. However, Mrs. Ennis saw that the League was doing a great work, and she determined all her friends must join it—and they did. She brought in twenty-one new League members in a batch, which is, as she says, "going some", and establishes a record. Turn to page seventeen of our August issue and read of Mrs. Ennis' good work and try to catch some of her splendid enthusiasm, and you can easily obtain results as fruitful as hers, and those results will accrue to you if you will examine our premium lists. The young folks can take up this profitable work, if the older ones are busy. COMFORT speaks for itself, and in the hands of child or grown up, it brings immediate results, for it is not only the cheapest but the very best and most helpful magazine of its kind in the whole world.

The sending of the Atlantic fleet to the Pacific is an act that every one will commend, as it is dictated by common sense, and is a precautionary measure against attacks on our Western coast, which, in the absence of a strong fleet, is very much at the mercy of a powerful and aggressive foe. The vessels ordered to the Pacific coast are as follows: Virginia, 14,948 tons, Missouri, 12,400 tons, Maine, 12,500 tons, Connecticut, 16,000 tons, Louisiana, 16,000 tons, Alabama, 11,522 tons, Rhode Island, 14,948 tons, New Jersey, 14,948 tons, Illinois, 11,522 tons, Kearsarge, 11,522 tons, Kentucky, 11,522 tons, Ohio, 12,500 tons, Indiana, 10,288 tons, Iowa, 11,546 tons, Vermont, 16,000 tons, Minnesota, 16,000 tons.

In addition to these, several of our large huge cruisers will move into Western waters. The conveying of this great fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific has caused much comment, as it was feared in the present strained condition of our relations with Japan, this movement might be construed as hostile act. However, as the fleet is simply moving into our own waters, no nation, if it has friendly feelings toward us, need feel alarmed. We have a right to protect our Pacific coast, and it is for coast protection alone that our fleet was created, not for aggression. The very weakness of our fleet in Pacific waters, and the defenseless condition of our Western coast, has doubtless made the Japanese jingo element, regard us as an easy mark. With twenty battleships in the neighborhood of the Golden Gate, the position of this country, from a strategic and diplomatic point of view, will be greatly strengthened, and no one will want, without sober thinking, to attack us.

A strenuous fight is being made all over this country against consumption. Each city is taking up the work and engaging in a systematic tuberculosis crusade. Health departments issue advice and instruction to consumptives, and in New York old disused ferry boats have been anchored in the Hudson river, for the use of tubercular patients who cannot get fresh air in the stuffy tenements in which they live. On these ferry boats, trained nurses are on hand to care for the patients, and free nourishment, such as milk, eggs, etc., is provided and distributed at regular intervals of an hour or so daily. In St. Louis, the health department has issued the following circular to those suffering from lung trouble:

"You must live in the open air. If you can do so, fix up a tent in your yard, on the roof, or on your piazza, and spend your time there. Fresh air and sunlight kill the germ that causes your disease. You must get at least nine hours sleep at night. Better ten hours. The more you rest, the more you eat, the more you sleep, the more you stay out in the air and sunshine, the sooner will your body overcome the disease." The following diet is advised by the St. Louis board of health. It consists of six meals a day, and is as follows: "A glass of hot or cold milk on getting up in the morning. Breakfast, consisting of what you want, with two glasses of milk and one or two eggs. Lunch at ten A. M., a pint of milk and two eggs. Dinner, meat, vegetables, dessert, and a pint of milk. Lunch at three or four P. M., a pint of milk, and two eggs. Supper, whatever you like, with a glass or two of milk, and an egg or two." The first step towards the iden-

tification of the disease is the analysis of the sputum. All who have chronic coughs, and are losing weight should have their sputum examined by a bacteriologist. Test tubes for mailing the same can be secured from the druggist or board of health officer in any of our large cities. People who live with consumptives should remember that the disease is very easily communicable, and those afflicted with this terrible trouble, should use the utmost precaution, or they will quickly infect their loved ones and friends. The writer has seen a consumptive cough at the dinner table without turning his head, thus smothering the viands with the deadly germs of phthisis, which, later are taken into the systems of all those present.

There are half a million persons in the United States afflicted with tuberculosis. The actual loss in earning capacity of this vast number of people amounts to one hundred and thirty-six millions of dollars yearly. Of all the people dying between the age of 15 and 60, tuberculosis kills nearly one third. By sensible, scientific, hygienic treatment, combined with plenty of fresh air, rest, and good nourishment, consumption will be eventually stamped out. It is already on the decrease. This is probably due to the fact that we know how to handle it, and that people live better, have better dwellings, and sanitation, and have a better and more nourishing diet than they had formerly.

One more word of advice to consumptives. The majority of us do not know how to breathe. We do not as a rule use more than a third of our lung capacity. If we knew how to breathe and did breathe as God intended us to, there would be no consumption. By deep-breathing exercises alone the chest measurement can be increased from one to two inches in a very short time. Deep-breathing strengthens the lungs. A society is being formed in New York to start a deep breathing crusade, and to educate people upon this vitally important matter, a matter of which the majority of us are profoundly ignorant. Mrs. Emily Noble has written a book called "Method for the Millions," and it can be obtained free, by addressing her at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York City. This book has been endorsed by the international Congress on tuberculosis. Mrs. Noble went to India to teach the Hindoos how to be well; but instead of teaching them what they taught her. Mrs. Noble discovered that in India, where sanitary conditions are terrible, and the people are underfed, that diseases of the head, chest and throat are almost unknown. This is because the Hindoos know how to breathe. They breathe rhythmically, and use their entire lung capacity. Mrs. Noble says: "By deep breathing, the lungs eliminate thirty per cent. of the waste material of the body in the form of poisonous vapor, which is constantly generating in the system through its electro-chemical processes. There are only two sources of life, food and air, and breath controls them both." Respiratory exercises and correct breathing are absolute preventives of pulmonary troubles. Prevention is better than cure. To be able to resist disease is better than to conquer it. Probably in another year, the deep-breathing crusade will have made its influence felt in every quarter of the land. We have no doubt that correct breathing will be taught, and become a part of the curriculum of every schoolhouse in the United States, and we cheerfully do our part in extending a knowledge of this vastly important work.

Your friend,
Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

It is reported in Mandarin circles that the Ministry of Finance has decided to make a trial of the gold standard in China, which is to go into effect about the end of 1908.

The latest appeal for the raising of the Maine from the mud of Havana harbor comes from the Spanish war veterans who ask the President to urge the matter upon Congress.

A tablet has been put up in Salisbury Cathedral, England, in memory of the twenty-eight persons, mostly Americans, who were killed in a railroad accident at Salisbury in July of last year.

Miss Kathleen Leupp, daughter of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will leave Washington this month to spend some time among the Indian tribes. She will study their racial characteristics and will specialize on those of Indian womanhood.

Among the recent discoveries is the use of electricity in producing anaesthesia, which it is declared will replace ether and chloroform. If it is successful the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greatest discoveries in the history of medical science.

The southern half of the great cantilever bridge across the St. Lawrence, above Quebec, which was begun in 1900 and was to be finished in 1909, at a cost of \$10,000,000, collapsed Aug. 29th. Seventy-nine of the 90 who were carried into the river with wreckage perished.

Six years ago to the day and hour of the funeral of President McKinley the transfer of the President's casket was made from White lawn cemetery to the receptacle in the great mausoleum erected in Canton, Ohio, to contain the dead bodies of the President and his wife.

The old Saratoga, built at the navy yard, Kittery, Maine, in 1842, has been stricken from the naval register and will be sold. The Saratoga was sent to the Orient after the Mexican War, and joined the fleet of Commodore Perry, who had gone to Japan to deliver the famous letter which opened Japan to the outside world.

Every effort is being made to complete for the "Little Church Around the Corner," New York, a mortuary chapel in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the death of the congregation's founder, the Rev. Dr. George Hendric Houghton. Dr. Houghton died November 17, 1897, after forty-nine years devoted to the church he called into being.

TOLD AROUND THE STOVE



The Force of Vegetation

A curious instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is reported. Some half-hardy annuals were sown in a frame in a garden at Beckenham, England. Some days afterwards signs of cracking were observed in the brickwork, and gradually a block, weighing in the aggregate one and one half hundred pounds was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found, three pounds, three ounces in weight, growing in the center of the wall.

About Music

Music is one of the grandest accomplishments a man can have. It is a language by which we express feelings and emotions too fine and subtle for words. But it is rank folly to suppose every boy has musical talent and it is rank injustice to compel a lad without aptitude for music to spend long hours in dreary practice. There are thousands of ways of profitably employing the youngster's time, not the least of which is romping in God's open sunshine. Boys, study your own abilities, and if you have special talent for any line cultivate it to the fullest extent.

Something of a Building

"The man who lives in the one story house of two or three rooms," said the architect, "don't have any conception of what a really big building is. The biggest one on earth, used as a habitable place, is the new double structure in New York which will be the terminal of the McAdoo tunnel system under the Hudson river. It will be 22 stories high, will contain 4,000 offices, and will house 10,000 persons. It is estimated that 1,000 people a minute will pass through its halls, or about 600,000 a day. Thirty-nine elevators will carry people upstairs. The total area of all the floors will be 98,000 square feet, or about 23 acres. The ground area is about 70,000 square feet. Sixteen and a half million brick will be used, 4,500 tons of terra cotta, 5,200 doors, 5,000 windows, 500,000 square yards of plastering, 113 miles of electric wiring and 29 miles of steam pipe. It will be lighted by 30,000 incandescent lights attached to 13,000 fixtures. It will cost anywhere from five to seven millions. Nobody really can understand what a big building is until he sees one of these huge structures, and every year one goes up bigger than any of its predecessors. What the limit is, and there must be one, no architect has yet said."

The W. U. Telegraph Company

"Some of the people of this great country have never seen an automobile, and perhaps there are some who have not yet seen a locomotive," said a man of good appearance, "but I don't suppose there is anybody with eyesight who has not seen a telegraph pole with its wire running away into the distance and practically stringing the whole world together. Yet in the memory of a good many people, still able to do a day's work, time was when there was no such thing as a telegraph wire. Now most of it is owned by the Western Union, and that big organization is this year celebrating the fiftieth year of its existence. The first telegraphic message ever sent was from Baltimore to Washington in 1840. Within the next ten years more than fifty telegraph companies were trying to do business. In 1851 the New York and Mississippi Valley Telegraph Company with a capital of \$360,000 was organized at Rochester, N. Y., to build a line of two wires from Buffalo, N. Y., to St. Louis, Mo., but only enough money was secured to build a one-wire line part of the way, and the capital was reduced to \$170,000, the original capital of the Western Union. The N. Y. and Mississippi, with a debt of \$15,000 was in better shape than any of the competing companies, and it began to work for a union of them all. This it succeeded in doing with a number, and it was reorganized in 1856 as the Western Union Telegraph Company. The companies not joining with the W. U. were divided into six systems, each working different part of the country. Prior to 1861 the government felt the need of a line across the continent, and all the telegraph companies were consulted

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition. * indicates a repetition.

A Christmas Box

THIS month I want to tell you all of the many attractive Christmas things which were the result of one practical woman's work since last July.

She decided to take the advice given in the department last fall and begin her Christmas gifts early enough this year, and have plenty of time to leisurely carry out her plans. I recently had the pleasure of looking over her big box full of dainty articles all ready for the labels.

As soon as the summer sewing was finished she made her Christmas list of names, and opposite each put the name of the article that she thought she might give to that person. She found that to several she could give the same thing, so planned to make up three or four at the same time. For instance: she had three brothers to whom she decided to give ties and sleeve elastics. For the ties she bought thirty-two inches of nice soft silk, in changeable navy blue. This she cut into three strips, lengthwise—it being eighteen inches wide. The ends of the ties were to be two and one half inches wide, for a distance of seven inches on either end, and the remaining space between one inch wide—so she doubled the silk; for the narrow strips that goes under collar and cut into about one half inch, on the raw edges; then she turned in all the edges and ends, basted them and then stitched where she had basted on machine. No lining was used. These were to be tied in a tight, double bow knot, and worn with turn-over collar—our illustrations Fig. 1 and 2 show the shape of tie flat, and when tied. These three ties cost her only seventy-five cents, but equalled any regular fifty cent tie, and being made of especially selected soft and durable silk would wear much longer.

For the arm elastics she got two yards of light blue silk elastic, three fourths of an inch wide, and made up four pairs. Each had a tiny rosette of the same colored satin ribbon to cover where the ends were joined. (See Fig. 3.)

Then being of an original turn of mind, for brothers and neighbors FIG. 2. who shaved, she made of cardboard, cloth and ribbon a rack for shaving supplies.

These she cut in the shape of a derby, covered each neatly with dark silk, and finished one side with a plain band of ribbon and the wording as shown in illustration Fig. 4. On the opposite side she arranged the paper and ribbon bands for holding the razor and brush. See Fig. 5.

The minister was to be remembered with a sermon case in which to keep his manuscripts. This was made of a delicate shade of lilac or lavender, and decorated with embroidered lilies. The words were worked in a deep purple and the bands in gold, or ribbon could be utilized for these, by sewing on flat. The lining was white and ribbon straps formed separate compartments for different sermons.

Between the cover and lining stiff cardboard was inserted. This case was eighteen by twenty-one inches ARM ELASTIC. FIG. 3. when finished, but, of course, when folded over was only half the size.

Next she got a yard of fine sheer handkerchief linen and cut it into nine inch squares, drew the threads and hemstitched the hems all around. She bought narrow, fine lace insertion and edge to match, by the piece, and sewed this to the linen, over and over—the insertion first, straight, turning the corners carefully and neatly, and the lace to the insertion, fulling enough to

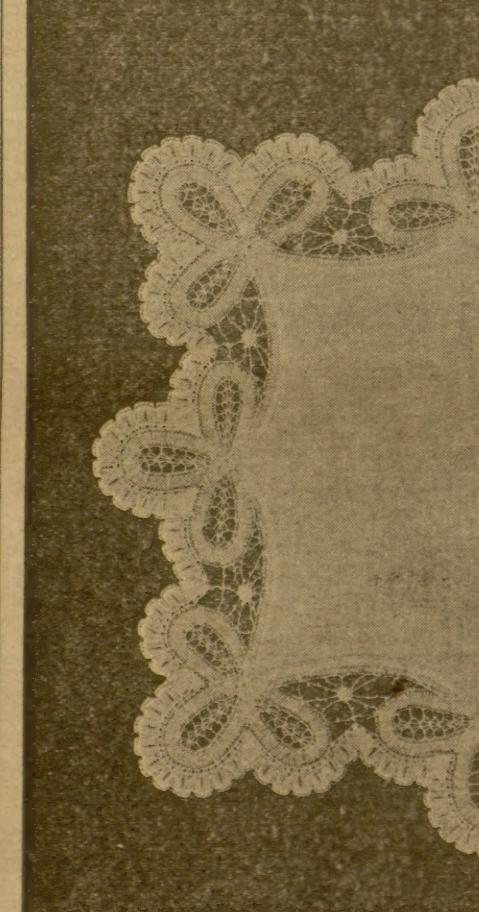
make a scant ruffle. The handkerchiefs made beautiful gifts for her sisters and lady friends, and by buying material for several at once she saved considerable, particularly on the lace, which is much less by the piece.

Fancy Aprons

Aprons are much appreciated, particularly the small, dainty, fancy aprons, which are

rather expensive to buy. For these she got muslin with a tiny pink rosebud scattered over it; this was less expensive than the plain white muslin, and made much prettier aprons unless one could use a good deal of lace. For the rose-sprinkled apron no lace was used. The pattern she used makes an apron about three fourths of a yard deep and two thirds of a yard wide, including ruffle. Our illustration Fig. 6 shows the style. To give the ruffled effect at bottom, a rounding slit is cut, six inches from the bottom and the same distance from each side.

The part below this slit is cut in two, to allow putting in about a half yard of muslin the same width. After this has been inserted the whole is gathered to the apron proper, and a narrow bias band is stitched on to cover raw edges. A ruffle PLAIN MUSLIN APRON. FIG. 6. on the straight, four inches wide and twice the length of outer edge of apron, is cut and hemmed, gathered



PRINCESS LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

By Mrs. Lydia P. Eckle.

and attached to edge of apron, and finished at top by narrow bias band stitched on both sides. A double belt, one inch wide, is attached at top, and strings three inches wide, hemmed on ends and sides, are attached to ends of belt.

For aprons upon which she didn't care to put much work, she bought the large fancy bandanas, so popular just now for aprons and kilimans. She made these up cornerwise, using one corner for a bib, and taking in the fullness to make it fit the waist, with narrow tucks—she used ribbon belts and long ends for these, of a color to match the handkerchief. (See Fig. 7.)

A Comfort Motto

Some of these mottoes I made last year and they are very pretty and quite ornamental.

Cut out the word COMFORT with its key, then cut out each letter carefully and from another paper cut out the key. Now cut out letters and key from cloth and applique them down in place neatly, on a dark cloth background, or white cardboard can be used, and the letters cut from red or blue paper, and the key from gold.

This design also makes a fine center quilt block for a friendship quilt. It can be applied either horizontally or obliquely, or the

word can be outlined in red on a white background.

I have also used this word and the key for the center of a rug. I pulled in the letters in red, the key in gray, and the rest in dark green, and when done the rug was much admired.

A Crocus Pincushion

Cushions like the illustration were most dainty and surely are suggestive of spring. They were very natural and would brighten up any dressing case all through the dreary winter days.

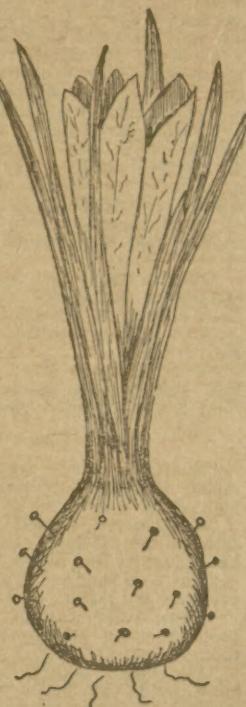
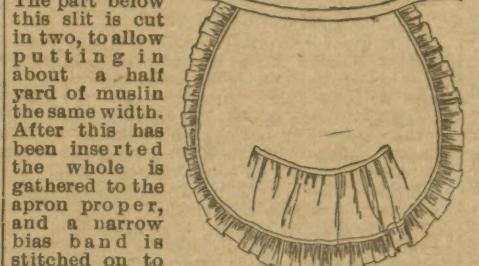
The foundation was a small well-filled bran cushion, to the top of which was sewed the blossoms formed of the lawn scraps left from the floral bags.

The covering for the cushion was of green silk, very thin wire being used to outline each leaf to keep them upright. Silk ravelings were caught in the bottom to represent the roots.

The box also contained many smaller articles, which can be even more easily made. I will tell you of these next month.

Begin your Christmas things now and then when the eventful season arrives see what a sense of relief you will experience, with nothing to do but drag out your article and start them off.

J. E. E. comes with some suggestions for



CROCUS PINCUSHION.

A Fish Pincushion

This little fish was very cute and nicely made but as will be noticed, the fins should have been just reversed, or put on so they would slope backwards.



A FISH PINCUSHION.

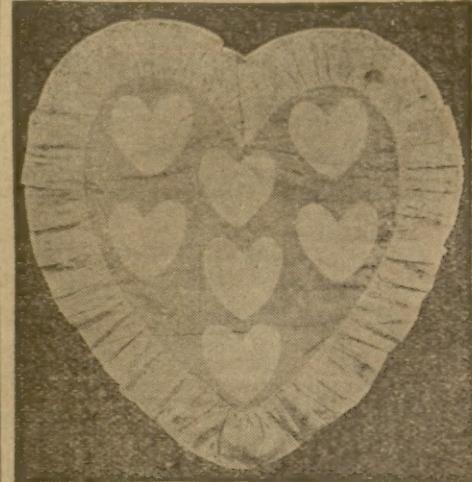
Cut the body of the fish and the tail all together, and in between the seams set the fins, which should be made of double silk.

After the fish is well stuffed, work the mouth and gills with silk and sew on beads for eyes.

Finish all edges with buttonhole stitch, drawn down loosely so as to make loops.

A Heart-shaped Sofa Pillow

Several of these covers were made up of pink and white, blue and white, and yellow and



HEART-SHAPED PILLOW COVER.

white lawn. A yard of the colored and one half yard of white being used for each cover. Cut two large hearts of the colored lawn (hers were eighteen inches in diameter), and on one put small hearts of white about four and one half inches in diameter, and applique these down neatly, then finish with a ruffle of colored lawn under a white ruffle, which has been edged with ribbon of the same shade.

These pillows were very dainty, and the shape is one of the latest.

Floral Flower Bag

These bags were another novelty—a dainty gift, planned for flower-loving friends. The bag really consists of six small bags, all the same size, sewed together around a circle and caught together at the sides.

For each bag different shades of lawn were selected; if pink, the lining must be of a much deeper pink, and so with all the colors chosen. FLORAL FLOWER BAG. Allow a deep frill at the top of each bag, then make your casing and run in ribbons to match the colors used.

When the various bags are drawn up the whole looks indeed like a garland of flowers, and a fitting case for seeds till the spring planting.

Princess Lace Handkerchief

This beautiful handkerchief was made and submitted by Mrs. Lydia P. Eckle, an old COMFORT contributor.

We cannot supply patterns for making this handkerchief, but illustrate it, because the work is so beautifully done and the pattern so simple that most anyone can easily copy it.

Emery Acorns

Miss Pattie Odum, a little shut-in, sent in the acorns here illustrated, and also the fish pincushion.

Either of these little articles would be a suitable Christmas gift especially for a person who is fond of sewing.

The acorns are formed of green velvet, with crocheted silk caps. To make each take two pieces of velvet one and one quarter inches long by one and one eighth inches wide, round off one end and sew up, put a drawing string in the top. Fill full with emery, then draw up, putting a piece of wire in each acorn for a stem.

Knit or crochet caps of green silk and sew them over the top of the cones and finish the rounded end with green French knots.

When all your acorns are ready, twist the wires together and make a loop for hanging up, then complete with a bow of brown or green ribbon.



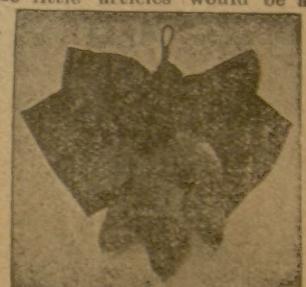
THE SHAPE OF A DERBY. FIG. 4. make a scant ruffle. The handkerchiefs made beautiful gifts for her sisters and lady friends, and by buying material for several at once she saved considerable, particularly on the lace, which is much less by the piece.

DOTTED BANDANA. FIG. 7.

This design also makes a fine center quilt block for a friendship quilt. It can be applied either horizontally or obliquely, or the

word can be outlined in red on a white background.

FOR THE MINISTER.



EMERY ACORNS.

A mosquito netting nicely hemmed and having ribbons at each corner to tie it in place is also a convenient, useful article when baby is asleep.

A SPECKLED BIRD

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Albert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonair and wily. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's grave. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Egliah Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza. At nine years of age she wants to know how old she must be before Eliza will tell her why her grandmother hates her father so much.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Egliah is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Egliah. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Egliah's future care. Slowly she weakens the proud woman. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Egliah. She hears her grandmother call "Albert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Egliah guards Egliah and believes that the soul created for her boy who never breathed is living in Egliah. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. From that time Egliah dates the undivided attention she craves from her father, "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspect the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Egliah and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace. From the day he first sees her he opens the empty temple of his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

"TO HELP HIM EVEN IN TRIFLES IS MY LIFE."

"O course, Mr. Herriott, you are vastly amused by my ambitious pretension."

"Why Mr. Herriott? And why assume amusement which I certainly have not expressed?"

"Not verbally; but I quite understand that look in your eyes, when by sheer force of will you hold your lips from smiling. Only courtesy keeps in check your contempt for our 'higher education.'"

"Egliah, be a little more just in your generalizations. If the education be really 'higher' and thorough, no reasonable man could afford to disparage it. You have spent the morning over volumes of tedious statistics, extracting figures on *ad valorem* and 'specific' schedules that only a custom-house clerk or a tariff expert could utilize by eliminating non-essentials and compiling valuable tables. Why waste this perfect day over metric puzzles—deka-meter, hectoliter, myriagram?"

"Father wished the exact figures, and to work for him is my greatest pleasure."

"Do not confound motive and accomplishment. Your father's secretary would have collected the statistics in half the time and in a more satisfactory form, simply because he has been trained for such search, as dogs are taught to hunt truffles."

"Mr. Metcalf was needed in Washington, and as father has tried me sufficiently to trust the accuracy of my work, he asked me to make this investigation while I was in New York. Mr. Noel, to help him even in trifles is my very life; he is my world, my all."

Mr. Herriott lifted his hat and bowed.

"Your devotion is beautiful and sacred, and Judge Kent should feel proud of the list of rivals he so successfully defies. Perhaps it has not yet occurred to him that in chaining yourself to his library desk you are restricted to sawdust diet."

"Varied now and then, you must admit, by banquets of opera, Germans, receptions, teas, theater parties, and the embassies. When I was working so hard at college I looked forward eagerly to 'coming out,' as to a magical door that would swing suddenly open into a wonderful world, where, because of new conditions, I should become a different person, and shed my girlish ideas as serpents slip their skins; but since the 'oven sesame,' and I have 'arrived,' I seem to have lost nothing of the past, and my old, tiresome self is tyrannous as ever."

"Is social life in Washington disappointing?"

"That is scarcely the right term. Life is certainly very brilliant, and gay and panoramic, and I enjoy music and dancing, and some dinner parties; above all, I find keen pleasure in following a spirited debate in the House, or listening to speeches in the Senate, but sometimes I catch myself wondering if this is indeed all—the veritable kennel of society, politics, diplomacy, or merely the shell partly cracked. Life here and in Washington does not seem so absolutely real as it was at home at Nutwood."

They were driving in Central Park, and Egliah shared the front seat of the trap where Mr. Herriott held the reins of his spirited horses, and brought them down to a steady, rapid trot. It was a cold but sunny day in February, and as he laced his way in and out of the stream of vehicles, he and his companion were the theme of much comment from the passing throng. Fastidious in the matter of clothes, he was always remarkably well dressed, and at the two fashionable clubs to which he belonged he was generally regarded as "all around, the best looking member." The dark steel-blue gray eyes—with no hint of yellow—which his Scotch father gave him, lost something of their penetrating brilliance under the long jet lashes that, with black brows and thick clustering hair, his mother had contributed, and his naturally clear olive skin had been weather-tanned in various climates to a browner tint. In profile his face resembled a bronze medallion, and when he smiled his well-cut lips, that in repose seemed ominously thin, showed curves of rare beauty around a faultless set of teeth.

Gowned in a fur-trimmed cloth of hunter's green, Egliah wore a velvet toque of same hue, that failed to conceal the mass of golden-brown hair burnished by sunshine into the similitude of a white-oak leaf dyed in autumn. Under delicate, level brows, her large dark eyes were set rather far apart in an oval face whose exquisitely clear, pure pallor was

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

stained only by the healthy rich red of slender lips, that had a treacherous trick of quivering when any strong emotion stirred the depths of her heart. By the accepted canons of art and cultured taste her form and features had been adjudged "beautiful," and some great-grandmother of the far South had endowed her with a peculiar grace of movement,—not languid, nor sinuous, nor Delsartian—a natural idiosyncrasy that made the manner of her steps, the lifting of head and motion of hands, unlike other women's. Only one gift—most potent of all—had been withheld from her birthright; she was absolutely devoid of personal magnetism, and her habitual cold indifference approached haughtiness, that the world resented.

Sudden congestion in the line of equipages, stretching far ahead, had caused a temporary halt, and when the knot dissolved, and the impatient horses sprang forward once more, Egliah said:

"I thought you loved good music too well to lose last night's opera treat, and until the final act I expected you."

See first page illustration.

"Shall I flatter myself that even in the midst of the select party occupying my box you really missed me?"

"Certainly I missed you—all the more because some of them chattered, and you would have hushed the tattle."

"Am I so successful in the role of ogre as to overawe my guests in an opera box?"

"Your quiet way of setting an example of good breeding is sometimes contagious among thoughtful people."

"My lucky star is surely ascending: you have paid me two compliments, and I am puzzled to know whether I shall be expected to balance my account at *ad valorem* rates on the basis of your assessment or mine?"

"Oh, you and I established free trade long ago, and I can always tell you the truth without pausing to weigh words as do legation attaches, and as father does when wily lobbyists intercept him on his way from committee rooms. Mr. Noel, had you any special reason for absenting yourself? The lovely lilac orchids were, of course, far more ornamental in your empty chair, and you must not think me lacking in appreciation because I am so tardy in thanking you for them."

"An unexpected change in the date of a lecture given by one of my friends kept me away, when I had hoped to join you. As I had promised to attend, there was no alternative when a belated note informed me that last night had been selected for its delivery."

"Tell me about it."

"If I should so afflict you, most certainly you would vote me a bore, or fall asleep in self-defence."

"When you say that, you know curiosity always covets the forbidden."

"At your peril then! It was a monograph on the autochthonic origin of American races."

"You preferred that tiresome jargon to listening to a superb tenor solo?"

"In a way—yes. We all ride hobby-horses from the nursery to the cemetery, and it is merely a question of individual taste what blood strain or pedigree we choose. My racing stable is not so generously supplied as yours, which embraces colts of various breeds: reports of fisheries commissions, bounties, American tonnage from 10— to 18—, and a vast

"Sarcasm does not fit you becomingly, Mr. Noel; it hangs askew, like a clown's cap on a cowl. What have you registered your own special toy, that you canter so vigorously around the world? Is it called ethnology, or totemism, or anthropology?"

"When I have finished trying all its gaits, and find the sum total satisfactory, I shall label it, and fit a comfortable side saddle and introduce you formally. Now, Miss Kent, come to confession. Did you see the list of passengers who arrived on yesterday's steamer from Liverpool?"

"I did not."

"Can you recollect a certain prophecy I made at Cowes, aenent a handsome naval officer who entertained us at luncheon on his father's yacht?"

"Cassandra was a woman, and men should not trespass on the one feminine right of 'I told you so,' that has descended to us intact from Hecuba's daughter. But Mr. Noel, if you mean——"

Sue turned and looked up into his eyes.

"Yes, I met him this morning at the club, where Ogden introduced him, and I saved him from useless journey to Washington by telling him you were here for a few days."

"I can only say I am sorry to hear it."

"While he is in New York I must, in part, return the hospitality shown us, and your father will pay the remainder of the debt in Washington. I have arranged a dinner for this evening, and later we shall see 'Hamlet,' then a supper afterward at Delmonico's. Will you join us at the theater, if I call for you, bringing Mrs. St. Clair as chaperon?"

"Thank you, I much prefer not to be one of the party; besides, I have a previous engagement. I am going with my cousin, Vernon Temple, to a meeting of shop girls, a sort of night school established by some of his lady friends."

"What class does he teach?"

"I believe he 'talks' now and then on 'feminine arts,' and tonight there will be a lecture on lacemaking and tapestry guilds, illustrated of course by a sketch of the inevitable Matilda and the indestructible 'Bayeux.' I am trying to classify this new cousin, who seems to me a queer blend of medieval monk, pre-Raphaelite reformer and socialist. He is altogether unlike anyone I ever knew, but his beautiful sad face reminds me of a picture I saw in Munich—a young priest administering the viaticum to his dying sweetheart, whom he forsook for holy orders."

Lowering his eyelids, Mr. Herriott glanced keenly at her.

"You find Temple wonderfully magnetic at times?"

"Scarcely that. 'Magnetic' implies so much and really explains so little. When I see his ceaseless struggle to keep the heel of his spirit on the neck of his flesh, it suggests a fanatical rebellion against that equipoise God saw fit to

establish. Like Joubert, 'he seems to be a soul that by accident met with a body, and tries to make the best of it.' My cousin Temple is fond of you."

"Despite much difference of opinion on many questions, our friendship has survived the storm and stress period, and I honor a man whose battle cry for humanity is:

"Make trade a Christian possibility,

And individual right no general wrong."

You noticed the expression of Mrs. Mitchell's face when they happen to meet?"

"Haven't I! It is too funny to see her narrow her eyes and look at him as if he were some unclassified beast whose method of pouncing on his prey had not yet been warningly advertised. She is convinced he is an ecclesiastical infernal machine trying to wreck our family orthodoxy. I asked him——"

She stopped suddenly at sight of two gentlemen approaching on horseback, and Mr. Herriott smiled, as he whispered:

"Lo! the second son of a duke!"

CHAPTER VII.

"BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU TOUCH GIFTS BROUGHT TO HIM?"

In a quiet and unfrequented cross street—equally remote from the thronged thoroughfares of trade and from fashionable avenues lined with palaces—stood the low and unpretentious Chapel of St. Hyacinth, marked by neither spire nor belfry. The old stone front receded sufficiently from the pavement to permit a short flight of shallow steps that led to an arched door in a pillared portico with a cross on its pointed roof, which hung over the entrance like a sullen, frowning brow. A northeast wind came fitfully in hissing blasts, dashed with fine sleet; but when Egliah passed through the swinging inner door a warm atmosphere spiced with resinous incense infolded her as in a fragrant mist through which glimmered brass lattice screens, rows of tall candles, the gilded carving of the white altar, laden with lilies, and the marble statue of the Virgin, at whose snowy feet a red light burned in a silver lamp. On each side of the wall below the brass lattice that barred the chancel was a "confessional" of dark wood surrounded by a cross, and the clustered lights in the center of the concave ceiling formed a crown.

On the right and left of the altar the white surpliced choristers filled several seats, and the quivering thunder of the organ ceased suddenly, as if to listen to the marvellous voice of the boy soloist, that swelled and rose as if the singer felt himself "hard by the gates of heaven."

A slender child of ten years, grasping his music with waxen hands almost infantile in size, while his head, covered thickly with shining ripples of golden hair, was thrown back, and his blue eyes almost purplish, like a periwinkle, were raised in contemplation of the crown glowing above him. The colorless face was delicate and beautiful as if wrought out of ivory, and a certain pathetic sadness of expression inherent in fragile childhood was for the moment dominated by the radiant exultation of his wonderful eyes, that seemed made to dwell between the wings of a seraph.

Father Temple left the altar before which he had knelt in prayer, and advancing to the steps of the chancel, stood with one hand on the brass railing and briefly explained his unexpected presence. A telegram had summoned him to the deathbed of his father, and the request to officiate in his absence had been received too late to permit the preparation of a regular sermon; hence the patient indulgence of the congregation which might not prove entirely fruitless. After a few exordial sentences, he repeated slowly the opening ten verses from St. John xv., and waited a moment.

"For text let us consider: 'I am the true vine,'" said our Lord, "and ye, my brethren, are the branches."

Then followed a recitative of various selected passages from the "Sermon in the Hospital," in tones so musical and liquid, and with a repose of manner so profound, yet full of subtle magnetism, that his audience gazed in sympathetic wonder at the slight figure clad in the somber habit of his order—at the thin, pallid spiritual face where large, deep-set black eyes burned with the preternatural light of consecrated but consuming zeal. The folded arms attempted no gestures—what need, while that rhythmic wave of sound flowed on?—until the end, when the clasped hands were lifted in final appeal:

"...the Cross of Christ is more to us than all His miracles."

"Thou wilt not see the face nor feel the hand, Only the cruel crushing of the feet When through the bitter night the Lord comes down To tread the winepress. Not by sight, but faith."

Endure, endure—be faithful to the end."

Unconscious of his movement, and irresistibly drawn, the young soloist sitting in the front row of choristers had risen, and leaning far forward, looked up into the face of the priest like one mesmerized, his parted lips trembling in a passion of ecstasy. Then the organ boomed, and the boy fell from paradise and joined the choristers chanting, as they marched away behind the uplifted cross.

A lady stepped into the aisle and touched Egliah's arm.

"So glad to see you here, Miss Kent. Shall always welcome you to my pew. What a delightful elocutionary tour de force Father Temple gave us! He would make a fortune on the stage of secular drama."

"Yes. Fra Gog himself could scarcely have been more impressive when he talked to the sick and dying on hospital cots. To my cousin Vernon this world is only a hospital of sick souls. Mrs. St. Clair, I should like to meet that little boy who sang so beautifully. Can you help me?"

"Very easily. Come back with me now to the vestry and we may find him. Did you notice how that lovely boy seemed almost hypnotized?"

Only two of the larger choristers lingered chatting with the choirmaster, and as they

turned toward the rear stairway leading to the street, Mrs. St. Clair exclaimed:

"Mr. De Graffenreid, stop the boys! We want to see the soloist. Call him back."

"Madam, I think he is still in the chancel."

Lifting the velvet curtain that concealed the altar from their view, she beckoned Egliah to her side.

Father Temple had been detained by one of the church-wardens, and as he turned to hasten away the boy, standing near, caught the black skirt of the priest.

"Please, sir, may I speak to you?"

"Certainly. I am glad to be able to thank you for the music today. Your solo gave me great pleasure."

"I could have done better, but my throat is sore; it bled just now. I told nobody, because I am the only one who can reach that high C, and so I tried not to fail. I want to ask you how I can learn all the words you spoke? Oh, if I could, I would set them to a chant: they would lift my heart out of me if I could sing them."

"You shall have them. What is your name?"

"Leighton Dane."

Father Temple took his tablets from an inside pocket and made an entry.

"Where do you live?"

"Oh, a long way off. Far down in East Street; but, please sir, if you would leave the poetry here, I could get it at next rehearsal."

"My little man, how do you know it is poetry? The words do not rhyme."

"Rhyme? I do not understand that word—but I feel poetry. I always know it by the way my blood beats, and the little shiver that runs down my back, and the joy that makes me cry sometimes."

"I will send you a printed copy, in care of

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman was round the girl's neck. Pulling at the chain he finds it is a crucifix. He snaps the chain and drops the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God gives me, even for a little while I let you love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield.

Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all in lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy.

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he engaged set them against a hopeless underdog. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he enough to give the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a mistake and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal out of the vicinity. In the absence of Mrs. Andy she ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he not only is the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits he has the power to make or ruin a man. He tells of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Ambition is the thing that lifts man above the level of the brute. Victoria is covetous of power. As for power she could have more than she now has. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he despises him it will not be long before he becomes his friend and will grow great by his power. Does Corcoran admire his grit, yet go against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. He gives him his choice. Warfield yields. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. Will she be his wife?

Mrs. Warfield receives a letter from Gene. There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to walk. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within her. She sees Gene, the figure of a lovely woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries, "My God! He is married!" and she falls to faint. A long sickness follows, and when she recovers she finds her mother sleeping in the churchyard. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures it to his wife. Victoria wishes for an apartment house where all is done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not touch a penny that does not rightfully belong to him. They return to Washington, and visit the house Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene stops in the library and begins to sing. He sees a picture of a room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers fashion white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the prattle of a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms. Again the woman croons and the cradle rocks and a baby girl looks at Gene. Victoria rouses him from his reverie—he hasn't seen half the rooms. He fails to find a nursery.

Four months later Victoria is surprised by a call from Corcoran. He searches for his ideal and finds it too late. Victoria begs of him not to speak with her—he knows what fire is when beyond control. Gene enters unsuspectingly yet with a relapse toward Corcoran. Victoria leaves them to discuss business. The months that follow are trying ones. There is born the cry of a child—a little boy—and Gene looks down with wonder and delight at the old, old mystery—birth. In the following months Gene tries to arrive at a better understanding with his wife. Gene enters the nursery to find the baby screaming and the nurse in tears. Mrs. Warfield insists upon giving laudanum to the baby—the nurse refuses without the doctor's order and she discharges her, and from that hour the baby droops.

Congress closes and the Warfields spent the summer at a fashionable watering place. Corcoran is there, and Gene is unmindful of the whispers and speculations concerning his wife. He gives his time to his boy, and the little hands pluck at the allures Warfield places his idol. Ambition. They return to Washington, and again Victoria disturbed by the wailing of the baby orders laudanum. The nurse, by order of Mr. Warfield refuses to administer it. Victoria attempts to give it to the little one who gasps "mamma, mamma!" She lifts her hand to strike when Gene wards off the blow, and reading the label on the bottle he dashes it to the floor. Victoria strikes her husband and the blood trickles down. He pillows his child on his breast, and sits down before his desk. He opens and reads a letter from his mother. She can never call him great so long as she hears of his supporting such bills as paid him off House of Representatives. She knows his mother is right—he is a damnable scoundrel. John is spoiling Theta. She may let us know about the baby. The young doctor comes often. Let us know about the baby. The child stirs and wails "mamma, mama!"

The debate of the Harvester Trust Bill arrives, and the battle between ambition and conscience ends with victory for the latter. With the defeat of the bill goes Corcoran's hopes of a lifetime. He will ruin Warfield if he sends his soul to perdition. Victoria pleads. "Would you not spare him, Michael, for my sake?" Corcoran's wife dies. Gene goes home. The baby grows worse. Victoria refuses to stay with her husband. It dies, and Gene pleads to let the child in death unite with her. She is unworthy. Gene discovers a note written by Corcoran, and Victoria admits her love for him. Gene thrusts the note into the heart of the flame and taking off the wedding ring tells Victoria she is free.

Gene returns to New Hampshire. He sees footprints in the snow and meets Theta. Is there no chance for a reconciliation with his wife? Has he done right in setting her free? "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." When love is dead would she have him drag out a miserable existence? Theta suggests they go home. They come to the old stepping-stones. Just how it happens neither know. Before she can protest he crushes her lips with a kiss.

CHAPTER XV.

PAYING THE PRICE.

LIHTS were flashing in the Corcoran mansion; a chain of richly clad people was circulating past the receiving line and being steered by liveried attendants into gorgeous rooms where hothouse flowers were diffusing their fragrance on the warm air. It was winter outside, and not far away beings were freezing and starving. The giant plant of the Harvester Trust lay idle, while gaunt Labor and Capital locked in a death grapple.

But who cared for all this? Not Corcoran, surely.

A prince of the blood was touring the country and had chosen to honor Excelsior with his presence. Who so fitting as Corcoran to entertain the royal guest?

As he towered there above the heads of all the others, Corcoran was as huge and massive in frame as ever, but the face with its puffy look and the cruel smile on the sensual lips showed

plainly the effects of a life given over to the gratification of every delight.

The prince had previously met Corcoran abroad and when on his arrival he was tucked into his arm familiarly into that of his host and the two walked into the great banqueting hall together, the elite of Excelsior smiling approval.

Outside in the shadows a woman crouched. As the wintry wind swept down in a flurry of snow she drew her faded garments about her and came closer to the window as if to draw from it a fictitious warmth. As the light fell upon her ghastly face it would have been hard to recognize in the outcast standing there the woman whose beauty and distinction had once placed her among the leaders in the social life of Excelsior and Washington.

Within the great hall the merriment was at its height. Mine host was in fine fettle and told one of his most charming stories, and this the prince capped with his best bon-mot. Bursts of laughter floated out into the night. The royal visitor was unanimously considered a thorough democrat and a prince of good fellows.

The eyes of the crouching figure were fastened only upon Corcoran who occupied the place of honor opposite his guest, his face darkly flushed with wine. She looked until she could bear it no longer, then tossing back the Titian red hair, her white face to the bitter night sky while a cry of agony burst from her.

"Alone! abandoned! an outcast!" she moaned. "Nothing remains for me now but the river!"

Along the street came a woman in the dark robes of a Sister of Mercy and she saw the hard despair on the face and heard the cry that came from those parched lips.

Victoria started as she felt a light touch on her hand.

"Sister, what are you doing here?" It was the figure in black who spoke.

At the first kind words she had heard for many months a quivering seized Victoria.

"You call me sister—me! Do you know what I have done—what I have been?"

"I neither know nor care," the other answered. "It is enough for me that you are suffering, and in distress—and I wish to aid you. I heard you call yourself 'an outcast' just now. Remember—Christ loved all the fallen ones. There was infinite pity, infinite tenderness in the words.

As they fell upon ears attuned only to harsh sounds a long sigh came from Victoria, then as a new burst of laughter doated out some of the old fire came into her eyes as she pointed with shaking finger to the room beyond.

"Do you see that man sitting there—the one who is holding aloft the wineglass? That is the man who dragged me down and turned away. God in heaven, how I loved him! I spent my soul in loving him! I gave up a position in

Sister as she took Victoria's hands in a gentle clasp.

"You are not all bad," she said. "Down in the depths of your soul are the germs of good—we have need for such women as you. Listen! We are a little band of men and women devoting ourselves to the succor of the oppressed, to lifting up the fallen. We have no church and our only creed is to do good. You have expressed a wish to come back to the ranks of respectability. You shall come. You have sinned and suffered and will therefore have sympathy for the sinning and the suffering. There is noble work in the world for you. We have hospitals—your hands shall minister to the needs of the ill and dying. Let the dark river roll on—come with me and find peace."

A cry burst from Victoria.

"You would give this chance to me—to me?"

"Yes. Will you come?"

For answer Victoria went down on her knees in the snow and pressed the hem of the Sister's dark robe to her lips. When she arose there was a look of ecstasy in her eyes. It was as though some light from beyond this world had filled her soul. Then the two went forth together—the gentle Sister—and Victoria—an outcast no longer.

Inside the banqueting hall another scene was taking place. The feast was ended and Corcoran had arisen to propose a final toast.

"Your Royal Highness," he began, then stopped short, a strange expression passing over his face. He tried to speak again but the words ended in a jumble of unmeaning sounds.

The guests looked at each other in astonishment. Could it be that this was some practical joke their host was attempting to play upon them? There was nothing feigned about those words.

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"Your Royal Highness," he began, then stopped short, a strange expression passing over his face. He tried to speak again but the words ended in a jumble of unmeaning sounds.

The guests looked at each other in astonishment.

Could it be that this was some practical joke their host was attempting to play upon them? There was nothing feigned about those words.

"Sure, Miss Theta," she said as the latter followed her into the kitchen, "there's not wan blessed thing in the house fit for Master Gene to eat, and what am I to do, at all, at all?"

Theta laughed a little at Maggie's anxious tone.

"I should think, Maggie, that what is good enough for the rest of us ought to be good enough for him." And with this small bit of consolation she went away to her own room where she brushed out her bright hair until it shone like silk and then donned a becoming pink waist, hating herself all the while for the innate femininity that could not resist making these changes in her toilet.

"You foolish girl!" she said, addressing the pretty reflection in the glass.

When the family entered the dining-room half an hour later the table fairly groaned beneath the weight of good things Maggie had ransacked cellar and storeroom to find.

Uncle John laughed as he helped the plates from his end of the table.

"Maggie must have been daffy," he remarked. "Here we have peaches served in no less than five different ways. She must have thought you were hungry for peaches, Gene."

"I am," said the latter, doing full justice to the bountiful spread. "I was always fond of peaches, and," he added, slyly, "anything that looks like peaches."

Uncle John gave Theta a pinch under cover of the table, but the girl never lifted her eyes which seemed fastened upon her plate.

The old gentleman kept the conversational ball rolling merrily, and Gene, too, was in a happy mood and felt in the joy of his homecoming, a return of the old-time boisterous ebullition of good spirits. Mrs. Warfield said little merely beaming upon all. Hers was a joy too deep for words. Theta alone remained silent, and after supper she would have slipped quietly away had not Uncle John detained her.

"You mustn't go, Theta, till we've had a song or two."

"Please excuse me tonight, Uncle John. I don't feel like singing."

"Nonsense. Ye know the old adage: 'A bird that can sing and won't sing'—and he led her to the piano.

On the impulse of the moment Theta sang Newman's "Lead Kindly Light."

A moment before there had been laughing and chatting, but now as the sweet soprano filled the room a hush fell over them. Theta, as she sang, felt the calming influence of the words and some of the anger and unrest that possessed her passed away.

As he listened Gene felt a burning sense of shame for the manner in which he had treated her. Up there in the woods he had felt a nearness to her, there she had seemed a woman, warm, tender, human. Now she was remote, afar off, something to be worshipped, but at a distance. He felt as though he had profaned a shrine.

When the song ended Theta went over to bid Mrs. Warfield good night, but the latter asked her to sing again.

"Give us one more, Theta. I know Gene will love to hear you."

"Yes," supplemented Uncle John, "and let it be something livelier. Sing that one with the shivers and shakes in it that ye learned from that prima donna who was up here last summer."

In obedience to these requests Theta sang the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." She sang without any accompaniment and she put into it all the passion and power of which she was capable, acting it all out, trampling upon the flowers of "Siebel" and braiding her long hair with imaginary jewels.

In a trance of delight Gene listened—and looked.

"I have heard that song rendered by some of the greatest singers," he thought, "but never more beautifully than now. She might have had a great musical career, yet she prefers to remain here with a couple of old people, to take up the duties that I have left undone."

Gene said none of these things and when the song was finished merely contented himself with looking his appreciation.

Theta kissed Mrs. Warfield, gave Uncle John an affectionate pat as she passed him and then held out her hand to Gene. He gently pressed it and she gave him a cool "good night."

Mrs. Warfield looked a little anxious.

"I wonder what has come over Theta?" she thought. "It's unlike her to act this way."

"The piano is an acquisition," said Gene.

"Yes, it belongs jointly to Theta and me," said Uncle John smiling. "It represents the prize money we received for our Holsteins at the Cattle Fair. It takes us to win the blue ribbons. Theta is one of the best judges of thoroughbreds in the county, and ye'd be surprised, Gene, if ye knew the amount of practical information there is tucked away in her pretty head. What she doesn't know about soils and sub-soils and the rotation of crops isn't worth knowing."

Since she has been here we have advised together and I've been going in for scientific farming. And I tell ye it has paid. The old farm was never in better shape than it is today, and now that we've come home to take charge I can turn it all over to ye with a clear conscience."

"But I haven't come home to take charge of things," interrupted Gene. "You surely don't think of retiring?"

Uncle John arose and stretched himself before the fire. He was not so tall but was broader than Gene and he was hale and hearty in spite of his sixty years.

"Why, no, I haven't thought of it, but as long as ye've come home—"

"You'd be miserable if you did," said Mrs. Warfield and then turning to Gene added: "But I hoped you had come home to settle down on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.

thoroughly angry than ever. This way of putting the case did not mollify her in the least.

"Indeed I am not, Theta. As this is a first offense can't you let me off this time if I promise not to repeat it?"

She hurried on without making any reply. Gene swiftly overtook her and blocking the narrow path caught both her hands and held her so she could not pass.

"Theta," he cried desperately, "I can't let you go till you tell me you forgive me."

She struggled to free herself but he held her gently but firmly, and at last she desisted.

"You are stronger than I—you can hold me here all night—but I will never say I forgive you." The words struck him like a blow in the face.

"Then go! you woman of ice! You were always such!" he said cruelly, and suddenly released her.

Theta pressed her hand to her heart as if to stop its wild pulsations. He called her a woman of ice—he! When every pulse in her body had thrilled at the touch of his hand and that kiss was still scorching her lips! With a strong effort of will she regained her composure.

"I think we have been acting like a couple of foolish children," she said with a quick change of manner. "Look—there is the house glistening through the trees. We must hurry." And hastily as if at any cost she would cut short the time of being alone with him she led the way northward.

As they entered the maple walk Mrs. Warfield was standing on the porch, her short sighted eyes peering into the dusk.

"Theta, dear, you are late tonight," she called out. "Did you have to stay after school with some of those naughty scholars?"

A tall figure sprang out of the shadows and the next moment strong arms closed about her and her



The "Comfort" Sisters' Corner

Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am sending to our Editor for those who need it, and for those whose letters I have been unable to answer, a recipe for coughs and consumption.

One ounce elecampane root, one ounce hoarhound leaves, one five cent stick of licorice, five cents' worth peppermint, four cups (or three heaping) of white sugar. Have a kettle containing five quarts of boiling water, and into this put root, leaves and licorice and boil hard until you have only two quarts left. Strain and replace on fire, add sugar and boil till you have one and one half pints thick syrup. Add essence of peppermint and remove from fire. Cool, bottle, and it is ready for use. The dose is one tablespoonful three times a day and if one coughs severely every two or three hours. This is fine. No patent cough medicine that I have ever known can rival it, and while I have used several different kinds, to this simple homely remedy, sent me by a dear old Quakeress, I firmly believe I owe my life. She said in her letter,

"Thee must not scorn it because it is of the humble herbs of the field. For the Master planted it for his suffering children."

And try it I did and I recommend it to all others who suffer from lung disease. The ingredients can be procured at any drug store. Or if you live in the country you can have the herbs in your gardens, as we have.

I have written to all who inclosed a stamp and to many who did not. But when seven or eight letters came a day, asking for the recipe you know time and stationery were both required to reply to all, and I tried to give each their due.

I am glad we are a band still pledged by our membership in "Sisters' Circle," as sisters to help each other. I am glad I am one of your members, and I am ready to help all I can, "For abide these three, Faith, Hope and Charity and the greatest of these is Charity," and woe be to him or her who claims Christianity and possesses them not for we dishonor the name we bear, if we have not charity, the spirit that is slow to speak evil. Remember when we tell our neighbors' faults that we have plenty of our own, and not draw our garments more closely and walk over on the other side for fear of being contaminated. Do you recall the Pharisee and Levite who left the wounded man to die, and the Samaritan who came on and relieved his pain? I tell you, sisters, we have just such people today. Some in our homes, and even in the pulpit we find them and when before the judgment seat of Christ they are asked, "Did ye do it unto the least of these," what will their answer be? I think we know what the verdict of the "one just judge" will be.

Sister M. E. L. God knows I pity you, and in my letter above you have my answer of those around you. But let me say, put your faith in God. He knows and His eyes never loses sight of one of His sheep. I have proved this and as for your friend the so-called minister, don't worry over him, let him go—there are as many wolves in sheep's clothing in the pulpit as in any other walk of life and if he is so ready to believe evil reports of you, discard him for he is unworthy your respect.

Carlyle Haverly, Alpine, Indiana. Many thanks for your kind words which I appreciate very much. COMFORT has been the means, through the medium of the "Sisters' Corner," of many friends meeting again, and I make one request, with the hope of gaining the information I have vainly tried to gain from other sources. There are many readers all over our union and in Canada and Mexico, and if this request meets the eye of anyone who can tell me anything of my uncle, Charles H. Boyd, last heard from in Chicago, Illinois, but a native of Sycamore Mills, Cheatham Co., Tenn., I will return the favor in any way I can. He is my mother's only brother, and the only one of her family living, about thirty-seven of age, and a painter by trade. Perhaps some of his old friends in Chicago can help us find him.

Miss Hamby, Georgia. Thanks for your kind offer, which, if I did not accept, I appreciate very much. Yes, we are a band of sisters and I think we should choose a motto and have our Number just as the "League of Cousins."

Mrs. Jacoony, Jasper, Oregon. Are you still "One of us"? It has been long since I wrote to you, but you still hold a place in my memory.

I want to thank the person who sent me a lovely variegated marble paper weight. It must have been beautiful; it reached me in bad condition, being broken nearly in half. I do not know the sender so I can only acknowledge receipt of the gift here.

Our sunny Tenn. is like April this year, changeable, one day we have sunshine and warm bright weather, the next 'tis cold and frosty.

And you young madcaps who wrote me from Idaho, about coming to Tenn. to get a wife, and hunt and fish, you stay there, for our girls don't fall in love with every cowboy, and you are so "loud" no fish in our still waters would even get close enough to you to bite. And I don't think we need you here, you might run down to Texas or Mexico for the winter, then

back to the North for summer as the wild geese do, if you like. Now let me tell you. You say the southern girls are "rebels yet," and a lot more nonsense of that kind. I do not speak for "all," but our southern girls who have any brains and have ever been taught to use them, are not "rebels". We love our South, we are proud of her and she was not "whipped". She was simply "overpowered." Do you distinguish the wide difference in the terms? And our "true southern" girl is a lady—always.

There are several to whom I will write later, but the answers here must do for most all whom I have not already answered. I wish to be just, and fair to everyone and I will only ask your patience. To the lady who wrote to me offering some new and odd flower seed if I would pay postage, let me say your address was lost. If you see this letter and will write again, or send seeds direct to me I will pay the postage.

MISS ADA HUDGENS, Box 80, Ashland City, R. D. 1, Tenn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Although a stranger to all of you, I have long been both a reader and a warm friend of our dear "COMFORT." There is not a page from "cover to cover" that isn't filled with the best of interesting matter.

The superiority of the paper combined with the small price contribute to make it a general favorite with all. COMFORT's editor is "the right man in the right place," and I will leave it to those who read it, and know, to say that it has brightened and cheered many hours of its many thousands of readers that would otherwise have been sad and lonely. The world seems brighter and better for its very existence.

I do not see how anyone can do without it; certainly they cannot after once having it a visitor in the home. My health has been very bad the past five years, and not being able to do much work, I spend a great deal of time reading; so you see I am one of those who can rightly appreciate "COMFORT." I can hardly wait for the time to roll 'round for its monthly visit, and only wish it were weekly instead.

I have one dear son, and two sweet little girls, one sixteen and the other twelve. The girls have done all my work for the past five years. The older one being thereby deprived of the benefit of an education, to wait on and care for "Mother."

None but a mother can ever know what a disappointment to the fond hopes cherished in

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

How many of the sisters' sewing machines get stiff and refuse to work properly? A good remedy for this is to take coal oil (kerosene), and soak your machine well with this, in all the places where you oil, in fact all over the working parts of the machine, let stand over night, and next day take a basin with kerosene and an old tooth brush, dip brush in kerosene and scrub all parts well, then take a piece of absorbent cotton or a soft piece of cheesecloth and wipe all parts clean, oil well with a good machine oil, and your machine will be in good running order.

Now let me tell you how I made a postal card screen. If one already has a screen begin to decorate as soon as you have postals enough to make one row across the top, then as they accumulate add another row.

Or one can make a screen as I did, of pieces of wood one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by fifteen inches long, put together with hinges. When screen is put together stain the wood any color desired then stretch denim or burlap over same and finish edges with furniture braid and brass-headed tacks. Now you are ready for your postals, cut two slits in each corner of the postals, get baby ribbon or cord and a flat tape needle, run through face of card, through denim, back through opposite slit, across to the slit in the next card, etc., and fasten at the end of the row.

I also made a spool tabourette, for which one will need iron rods the height of the tabourette you wish to make; these can usually be obtained at a hardware store, have a thread put on both ends of each rod and a nut to fit. Next have boards cut into the shape and size you wish (mine is clover leaf), and in each corner of the boards have a square hole made to fit the nut into, also cut a hole in the bottom of one spool for each rod and nut. Now take the spool and fit the nut into it and fasten tight, slip on the spools and fasten board on all, tighten nut and your tabourette is complete, stain any color desired. Rods must be small enough to go through hole in spools.

Will some of the sisters send me a block of their favorite quilt design in calico or cambric, fast colors eight by eight, or ten by ten.

Mrs. R. J. BOISACQ, 708 Bosworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for more

stitch. I enjoy doing all kinds of fancy work. I am glad to know that some of the sisters wrote and remembered Mrs. Fannie Henson. In a letter to me she writes:

"I feel almost like a new creature, and thank God and His blessing on all who have remembered me in the time of my affliction."

I notice different ones have expressed their ideas about giving practical help and many of them are good.

Let us all often read Proverbs 21-13, "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard."

How many of you know that there are thirty-one verses in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, and that you can pick out a verse for your husband's and son's birthday; and the same number of verses will be found in the thirty-first chapter for the sisters, for there is a verse for each day of the month.

If any of you should accidentally become strangled remember to hold up your left arm and you will be relieved at once.

Mrs. E. S. Dalton, Albany, Mo. I sent you a block of bleached muslin at your request, and wrote you a letter, and it was sent from there to Kansas City, and then sent back to me, in nearly three months from the time I sent it. I am afraid others I have sent have been lost. Mrs. J. C. FLIPPIN, Walla Walla, Oregon.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It is very warm today (July) and dry. It seems as if the grass and all other vegetation, is burning up, fast as it can. It is queer why rainfall is so frequent and heavy in some parts of the country, and none at all for months in other parts, but we continue to hope, and pray for rain.

As the cotton season will soon be here again, I would ask the sisters, to whom I could not send any bolls last winter, to write me, also those that wish mistletoe and I will be glad to send either. I would also like to hear from some of the sisters, who know how to prepare appetizing dishes from shell fish, such as shrimps, lobsters and crabs, either canned or fresh. I had a tiny booklet, containing recipes for such we have lost it, and never could obtain another.

How many of you are interested in Cacti, Aloes, Agaves, and Euphorbias, also Haworthias? These are truly the busy (or lazy?) woman's plants, some of them are very odd, and beautiful requiring so little care, thriving with the grosses neglect.

I love the beautiful Rex and fancy-leaved Begonias, also the fancy-leaved Caladiums. I have had numberless sorts, but unfortunately lost them all, by moving and illness, but I hope to obtain a rare collection of them again, some day, not far distant.

Mrs. E. R. BEHRENS, Brady, Tex.

DEAR EDITOR:

With your permission I would like to answer those who have asked me about this place and state. We are not the barbarians that some people think we are. This state has four distinct seasons. In the northwest have a little spell of zero weather every winter, the rest of the year is pleasant. We have the rich and poor, good and bad people. If money is the chief thing with you, go to the bottoms and raise cotton, corn, rice, hay and starch. If you want church and school advantages go to the town. If you want a pleasant home with church, school and a living, but don't expect to get rich quick, come to this place, that is if you have energy, no place for drones. We have the State University and Experiment Station, three public schools, nine churches, no saloons, one opera house, three railroads, 6,000 inhabitants. Most neighborhoods have church and school part of the year in the country. This part of the state raises apples, strawberries, cherries, peaches, pears and chickens mostly for money, some grain and starch. Some folks have good health, some would not be well anywhere in this world.

I believe it would add years to the comfort of the afflicted if we would all avoid speaking of our aches and pains. Look up not down, look out not in, think more of God and other people, and less about self. I seldom go out of my home, but am doing my best to be brave, why should I not, when I have a boy that is a perfect treasure. Mothers, begin to teach your children how to serve God and humanity from the time that they can receive an impression. Don't impose on them nor let them impose on you—start fair, reason with them, never countenance an unfair deal that they may make, no matter how shrewd it may look, teach them to tell the truth at all cost.

Dear shut-ins. I wish I could help you all. For babies with summer complaint give them all the baked or roasted sweet potatoes they will eat.

Who can tell us how to give nux vomica to chickens so that the rat or hawk that eats the chicken will be killed.

To prolong the usefulness of worn quilts, cover with unbleached sheeting and tack with colored silkateen.

I thank each one who has written to me, MRS. A. D. CHESTER, Fayetteville, R. D. 2, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a COMFORT reader and I have never seen a letter in print from this part of Virginia. We think the COMFORT a fine paper and thoroughly enjoy it all, especially the Sisters' Corner.

I am nineteen years old, am five feet nine and one half inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I, like many of the young sisters, am not afraid of work, mother having always taught us to help. Mother is a school teacher and in the winter I stay home and keep house, while she teaches school. I have a grandmother, mother and two sisters. My father has been dead for eight years, my oldest sister is married and has a dear little baby eight months old.

How many of the sisters ever attended a camp meeting? We have one about eight miles from us, which is situated between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers and is named Marvin Grove Camp. We have a cottage there and go every year to spend the entire ten days, and enjoy very much the religious services as well as the social part. I live in the country and although I have never lived in a city, I have visited there and I think I much prefer country life. We are staunch Methodists.

Do many of our younger sisters like to embroider? I have shadow embroidered a shirt-waist for myself and am now working one in the eyelet embroidery. I like the work very much.

May the Lord bless J. A. D. in the great work she is doing to help the poor shut-ins;

I saw in one of the COMFORTS where Mrs. J. W. Welch, Downings, Va., sent to one of the sisters for Hardanger patterns. This dear, young lady passed to her reward one year ago. She left a mother, husband and little son to mourn their loss.

I would be delighted to hear from any of the sisters; especially any near my age.

Miss EDITH CALLE, Emmettton, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

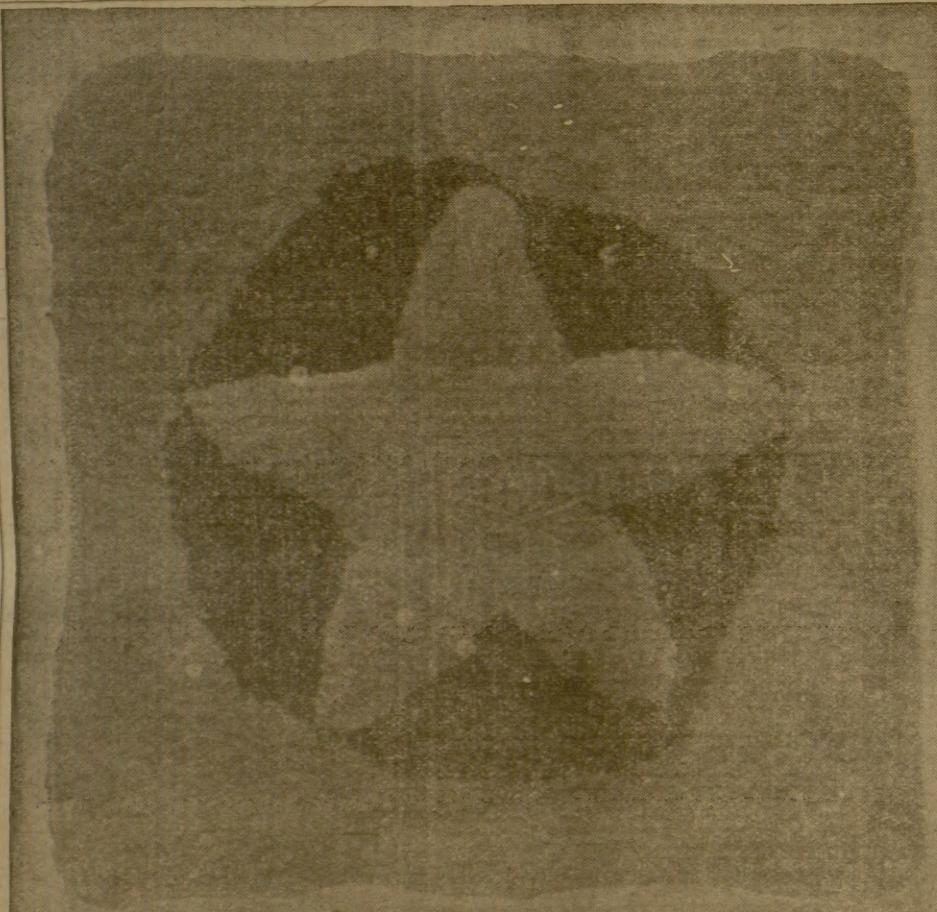
I find many interesting things in your helpful corner. My home is nestled among the picturesque hills and mountains of sunny East Tennessee, "Way down South in dear old Dixie, where the cotton blossoms grow."

Greenville, Tenn. is our county site, and was also the home of Ex-President Andrew Johnson. He is buried near the city, and his monument seems to kiss the sunny sky.

My heart goes out in sympathy to the dear shut-ins. I think each sister should write to them and inclose a postage stamp, if no more. Now let's each send a mite to them, and see how happy it will make them.

I am one of Uncle Charlie's nieces, and more than one year ago, a friend of mind in Wyo. send me a donation to give to Thomas Lock-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



ZEPHYR PILLOW TOP.

Take a square of cloth fifteen by fifteen inches. In the center of this draw a circle in which trace a star, having the points each about two and one half inches high. The background and star are of pink and the circle dark green. Two skeins of pink wool will be needed and one of green, also a pair of sharp scissors and steel crochet hook, number five or seven. The wool is drawn through, from the wrong side, with the crochet hook, make each loop about one half an inch long and place the loops close together. After the design is fully worked in, clip off evenly with the scissors and the work will have the appearance of velvet, be close and thick and wear indefinitely.

their infancy—how I longed to see them grow up to become possessors of a good education, and to realize that it is my poor health that has prevented.

If the dear sisters could see them, how patiently and willingly they have made the sacrifice—how eager they are to do everything they can, they would know I have much to be thankful for. In my sorrow and sympathy for my children concerning their educational hindrance, I found some comfort in reading the following lines by Emily H. Watson:



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

OCTOBER is here and three quarters of the year has vamoosed down the plug hole of time. Just size up, figure up, and weigh up, now that you've reached the three quarter mile post of the annual race, whether you've lived the year right, and if you haven't, start right in now to make amends in the last quarter. For instance, I have had one hair on my head for the last nine months, and I'm going to try to have two before Christmas, even if I have to bite the one I have in halves and plant it beside the other half. Billy the goat has eaten one freight train since January but hopes to get outside at least half a dozen more before the turkey season sets in. So you see we are doing our level best to set you a good example and it's up to you to follow suit. If you can't follow with an entire suit, follow with at least a pair of pants. If you can't follow with even that amount of clothing you'd better stay home.

Honestly though, joking apart, try and make some kind of a record for yourself, before the year passes and skidoos forever. Before you can realize it, the year will be gone and at least half of you are going to waste it. I can tell that by your letters. Please don't do it. Here are a few ways you boys can improve yourselves and the world at large: Cut out cigarette smoking. It weakens your heart, ruins your nervous system, and makes you physical and moral degenerates, and puts you in a graveyard to fertilize grass and make a free lunch for worms. If you must smoke, get a pipe and smoke only in the evenings. Cut out cigars. You can't afford good cigars and cheap cigars are only stink sticks and an abomination.

Cut out "cussing". Nearly all American swearing is blasphemy. The name of the Deity is in nearly every oath. Cursing is only a habit,—a rotten habit. Gentlemen do not curse. Only blackguards, loafers, thugs, wastrels, tramps, bums, and other human vermin turn their mouths into cesspools of filth and tanks of blasphemy. You think it's clever, you boys just springing into manhood, to have a cigarette in your mouth, an oath on your lips, chewing tobacco, and a gun in your hip pocket, and a couple of drinks of whiskey in your stomach. You feel you are a real bona-fide man, don't you? You're just aching for pretty Sallie Jones to come along, and you think you'll make a big impression, don't you?

You'll blow that cigarette smoke right in her face; you'll invite her to inspect that gun; you'll try to get near enough to let her smell the liquor on your breath, so that she may know you're a real live sport. Think you're a man, don't you when you get heeled up in this fashion? Well you are way off in your reckoning for you're no sport and no man, you're just a silly young jackass. Everything,—gun, cigarette, whiskey, cursing, etc., things that you think are manly, you'll have to get rid of if you're ever to be a real man. If you continue in the jackass business, you'll graduate to the drunken loafer and bum class, that fills our jails and penitentiaries and forms the criminal class. It is the class that throws a dark pall of misery, suffering and wretchedness over the world. It is this class that breaks hearts and wrecks homes and makes angels weep, and Heaven blush and Hell busy.

Boys, take the tip of one who's seen the whole game through from start to finish, and believe me it is the truth when I say there is nothing in this "sporty" life that looks so alluring to you. Nothing in it but disease, remorse, despair and death. Keep away from it; don't monkey with it. Let the "Gang" call you what they like, their sneers can't harm you. They are going down all the time. They must go down, for the road they are on leads down, and those who follow it have got to go down with it or turn back and run for their lives. The sneers of the wicked will soon be lost, in the praise of the upright and good, for your road goes up—up every minute—up all the time, and as you go up you pass the sign posts: Respect, Appreciation, Success, Content, Happiness, Affection, Love, and finally you reach the mountain peaks where you can hear the songs of the Angels, and Rest and Peace are there for ever and for aye. Now boys, and you too girls, which road are you going to travel the last three months of the year? "The upward road, Uncle Charlie!" Good for you. Well of this I can assure you: It is the only road you can travel on which you will find happiness. And there's more fun on the upward road if you only know where and how to look for it. The Devil hasn't got the laughter nor the fun. If the Devil does give you what looks like good time and a pleasant drink, on the top of the cup there is poison,—at the bottom of it, death. Remember the "Old Boy" is always dropping his hook in the world's waters and fishing for souls. The "Old Gent" is a clever fisherman, and he baits his hook with all sorts of attractive things, but the hook is there all the same, and you gulp down the bait and then he sinks the hook into you and tears your heart and soul out, and drops you writhing on the red-hot griddle. Boys, girls, look out for the HOOK, for once you get on it, it's mighty hard to get off, and few ever get off.

Now, I'll stop lecturing and get down to business.

Edith Fishleigh, 159 4th St., Wyandotte, Mich., whose letter appeared in April issue is very grateful for assistance rendered her. Your help bought her a wheel chair. The mandolin she raffled, was won by S. C. Rucks, Cleveland, Miss.

Arthur Page, the blind boy of Milo, Me., reports the death of his faithful old dog Dan. Dan passed away June 18, at the age of fourteen years. If there is Heaven for dogs as many believe, Dan will certainly have a front seat. No human being who ever lived

was more faithful and devoted than this poor old doggie. Dan was a member of the League, and his life was an example to us all.

Seven one year "subs" to COMFORT will secure you a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems, elegantly bound in silk cloth. The best gift book on the market. Start in to get the seven subs, and win the book and put it aside until December 25th, and then spring it on your best girl (or boy) and they'll fall in your arms and say: "Take me and pay my board forever!" You're missing half your life if you don't win this book.

Our first letter is exceedingly interesting. It gives a capital account of the opening of the Jamestown exposition by President Roosevelt and Uncle Charlie, assisted by Toby and Billy the Goat.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., Aug. 5, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Newport News, my home city, is situated on Hampton Roads at the mouth of the James river. It is named after Capt. Newport. It was here at Newport News that the early settlers first sighted Lord Delaware's ships in 1610, when they brought the much needed supplies that saved the colony. In Hampton Roads the first battle between iron-clad ships was fought.

Newport News has only been a city for eleven years but it has a population of 28,749 persons. We have one of the finest harbors in the world and can accommodate the largest ships afloat. So to any of my cousins who like water sports I extend a hearty invitation to visit the city on the James.

I have a boat of my own and Uncle, if you or any of the cousins come here I will take you out for a row. How many of the cousins like rowing? I enjoy it very much.

The C. & O. railroad has a finely equipped terminal here. Here Camp Embarkation was established, and thousands of soldiers left here for Cuba this fall. This section of Va. is teeming with historic interest. First the Indian wars, then the Revolutionary and many bloody battles of the Civil war were fought near here. Here thousands of soldiers were camped during the Spanish-American war, and many of them left here for Cuba some, never to return again. The plant of the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Co., is situated here. The plant covers one hundred and twenty acres of ground and has a water front of half a mile. It is one of the largest shipyards in America, and has the largest dry dock in the world. Here many battleships, cruisers, sub-marines and merchant vessels are built. The battleships Louisiana and Minnesota were built here. They are two of the finest ships in Uncle Sam's navy. The pay roll of the shipyard last year amounted to three and one half millions.

Now I will try and tell you about the opening of the Jamestown Exposition. The exposition is to celebrate the four-hundredth of the landing of the first English settlers at Jamestown in 1607. The exposition is opposite Newport News, and about half an hour's ride across Hampton Roads.

At the exposition congregated the largest number of United States and foreign warships that have ever been gathered together. Eleven foreign powers sent ships. One hundred and thirty-five conventions and many military encampments will be held at the exposition this year. The 26th of April, opening day, was warm and sunny. At the ground there were about 30,000 citizens, 5,000 soldiers, 1,500 sailors and twenty state governors. There were seventy-six warships, six foreign ones being among them. About eight o'clock the President's yacht Mayflower, steamed up the roads. Then the cannons began to boom from all the ships and Fort Monroe joined in the din. At intervals of five seconds, each ship fired twenty guns, the presidential salute. Many thousands of dollars were burned in powder that day. The President reviewed the ships first, then went ashore about ten-thirty. As he landed he received a salute from the U. S. artillery on the grounds. He made a short speech welcoming the visitors and wishing the exposition every success. Cheer after cheer greeted him all along the route. After the band played a piece, there was a prayer and the exposition hymn was sung by a large chorus.

President Harry St. George Tucker, of the Jamestown Exposition made the first speech. Then President Roosevelt delivered his address which was greatly cheered. When he finished his address he pressed the golden button that set in motion the entire machinery of the exposition. Flags were unfurled, the artillery fired a salute and the warships in the harbor peeled their thunder, and the people went nearly wild with excitement.

When the Star Spangled Banner was played, the troops all saluted Old Glory. The President and his party retired for lunch, after which the great military and naval parade was held and it was indeed a magnificent sight. The day's ceremonies concluded with a reception tendered the President by the officials of the exposition.

At night the scene was very pretty, all the ships being lit up and many lights on the grounds. At eleven o'clock everything was closed, and thus ended a day that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the opening of the Jamestown Exposition.

Extending a hearty invitation to the cousins all over the country to visit the exposition and hoping that our dear Uncle won't have to see an eye specialist after reading this, I remain your fond niece,

EDNA TRIMMERS, 92, 33rd St.

Edna, I must certainly congratulate you on your admirable description of the events that transpired at the opening of the Jimtown Exposition, but you give President Roosevelt too much credit and me too little. As a matter of fact, the President tried to open the Exposition by pressing an electric button, but Billy the Goat had eaten all the electric currents the night before, and the button wouldn't butt, so your Uncle Charlie was sent for, and he saved the situation by prying the lid off the exposition with a can opener. My enjoyment of the opening ceremonies was considerably marred by the fact that Billy the Goat ate a couple of Japanese battleships, and an open rupture with the Japs and a terrible war was only averted by my going to Tokio and pinning a C. L. O. C. button on the Mikado's nose, and handing him a dozen back issues of COMFORT. The Mickeydoo of the Japanese Empire, was so tickled to death with the League button, and laughed so much at the C. L. O. C. page, he excused Billy for his irresponsible mastication and all was happy and serene once more.

Now Edna, charming and veracious as you are, you must excuse me if I question one

of your statements. You say the President's yacht steamed up the roads. Honestly you don't expect us to believe that, do you? I never knew ships could steam around on dry land, and I for one just can't and won't believe it, rude though it is to doubt a lady. Another thing I'd like to know. Why did those blooming English Johnny Bulls come chasing over here in 1607? Why didn't they stay at home? "America for the Americans" is my battle cry, and I think those Johnnies had an awful nerve butting in over here. What right had they, coming here interfering with us any way? If I'd been President in 1607 I'd have had Congress pass a law to keep them out, and I'd have sent Admiral Dewey with the whole American fleet to see the order was carried out. Those Britishers had a nerve invading our country any way. We didn't want them. I wonder our Immigration Commissioners ever allowed 'em to.

Another thing I can't believe: You say you have a plant at Newport News that covers one hundred and twenty acres of ground. I saw a cabbage once that was nine feet from its nose to its shoetops, but that's nothing to a plant with a half a mile of water front and spreading over one hundred and twenty acres. I shouldn't like to have to prepare a plant that size for the cook pot. Another thing. You say the warships peeled their thunder. Now honestly Eva, I don't think a warship could peel a potato, let alone a good healthy noisy thunder. Never mind, Eva, you've written a dandy letter and deserve our heartfelt thanks and gratitude for giving us a free trip to the exposition.

Our next letter is an admirable one. Read it and take its splendid lesson to heart.

406 N. MAIN ST., NORWICH, CONN., July 8, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

It has been a long time (six months) since I received the COMFORT League of Cousins' card and button and though I am past fifty years of age, I hope that will not debar me from receiving letters from the cousins. I think it is easy to live up to the requirements of the "League". First: "To be a comfort to your parents." I can truly say Uncle Charlie that I never caused my parents one hour of sorrow by any misdeeds, on my part, and now as they lay side by side in beautiful Cedar Grove cemetery, in New London, Conn., I feel happy in the thought that it was my delight to honor them. Second: "To be kind to dumb animals," that was a trait that I always had, I worked on a farm when I was young, and all the animals knew me, and at the sight of me they would come to meet me. I could not enter the pasture where cows, sheep, etc., were grazing, but what they would all follow me. They never were afraid of me, on account of my kindness to them. Dogs, cats, birds, etc., all come in for their share of kindness. I will relate one instance; and it will clearly illustrate clearer what kindness will do.

On the farm I have just mentioned, there was a yoke of oxen. Previous to my coming, these had to be driven in one corner of the barnyard, to be yoked together. I told my employer, that I would soon be able (after they were acquainted with me) to yoke them in the pasture. It was not long before I invited him to watch me yoke them, which I did right in the pasture without any trouble. I walked up to one, and put the bow of the yoke under his neck, and fastened it, and called the other one, and he came under the bow without any fear whatever. That was done when I was a young man of about twenty-five.

The third requirement: "To protect the weak and aged." I could relate many incidents in my life, where I have protected the weak and aged, but "Uncle Charlie" will think his aged cousin is too lengthy so I will hasten on.

The fourth requirement: To love our country and protect its flag. The best country on earth where thousands of exiles best home is here and

"I love my country's vine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills;
Her sunshine and her storms;
Their heavy heads high in the air
In wild fantastic forms."

Your old six foot, two hundred and fifty pound, "Nutmegger" cousin will now close. Fraternally yours.

WM. A. ROCKWELL (13,647).

Cousin Will, I am glad you have mentioned the subject of kindness to animals, as that is one of the things this League has sworn to promote, but I am sorry to say that this subject, which is of tremendous importance, is seldom, if ever, discussed in any of the letters that come to me. I think I'll make it a rule to publish no letter unless it contains a record of one act of kindness to our dumb friends. I know your letter will do a lot of good, and I thank you for your kindness to the poor patient beasts who contribute so much to our welfare and happiness. What a glorious example the animals set us in many things. You never saw an animal drunk with liquor. You don't have to preach temperance and make prohibition laws for animals, for they know when they've had enough, which is more than the human animal knows. A dog will stick by a man when he's penniless and in rags. All the juicy meat bones in the world won't tempt a faithful old doggie from his starving master. How many of your human friends stick to you when you're down and out? Not one, except it be a devoted old mother. Some animals are capable of infinitely more love and devotion than human beings. With them it's true till death and they ask no return but a kind word and a little petting. Will, you speak of animals "following" you. I can tell you scores of instances where animals have also followed me. I had a bear follow me up a tree once, and when I called or tried to call on my best girl last night, the bulldog followed me right home. That dog got quite attached to me before we parted. It took a crowbar and a club to loosen the attachment as he had attached himself to the seat of my pants. Toby says he's kind to animals too, and always helps Billy the Goat put on his undershirt and high silk hat when he's going to deliver a lecture on the functions of the digestive organs, or freight cars as a cure for dyspepsia. The animals also follow Toby. He runs a boarding house for fleas in the summer and gives them good board free, while he has to scratch for a living. If you saw the mosquitos following me in the good old summer-time, you'd readily believe, Willie, that I was kind to animals.

Now that I've burst my little joke, and I must have that or burst, let me say that I appreciate and admire beyond words, a man of William Rockwell's stamp. He has lived as God intended man to live. It's character that makes the man; it's lack of character that makes the bum. Cultivate character, boys and girls. It is that, that makes you good, strong and great. When William Rockwell goes to Heaven he will be greeted with these words: "Well done thou good and faithful servant." You know the rest. You will hear the same blessed words if you live your life as William Rockwell has lived his. He has been kind,—just kind to everybody and every living thing, and that is why God will be kind to him. This isn't preaching, this isn't moralizing, it is plain honest truth. Take it to heart.

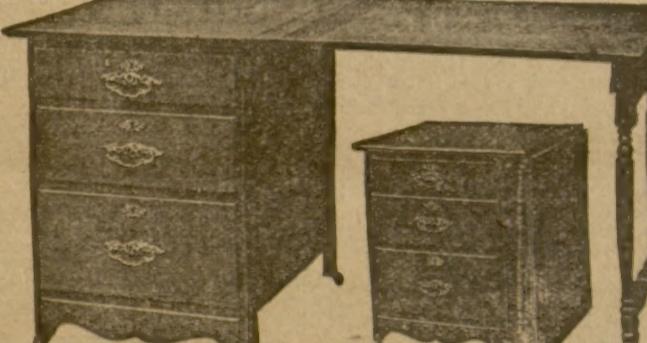
A California cousin will speak a short piece. BOX 30, ESCONDIDO, R. D. 1, CAL., Aug. 14 '07.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My sister has taken "COMFORT" for some time and I enjoy reading it very much, especially C. L.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl what go with him. The boy mistakes him for a fly-cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble, he'll go bail for her. Ralph turns to Madge; it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "I think dey's keep me good more dan anything else." Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father suddenly leaves Shirley while he is there. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. It is absurd. Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanwix is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton gives the knife to Madge. She struggles in one minute Alice will be beyond human aid.

Shirley Everton is seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is humble—she can neither read nor write. His social position is higher. He marries and exacts an oath that she keeps his identity a secret and that she be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes a "marriage of convenience" with Alida Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and neither wife is aware of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge he deserts his first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes to find his half sister, Dave Lane, believing him to be a weaker point than Alice Straight. As Everton grows, Madge, Dave Lane, deals him a blow, and Madge seizes the shears to cover Alice's hair, and she is saved. Shirley sees the resemblance to his father in Madge, and explains why he prevents her going to Alice. Ralph Straight appears and demands an explanation from the millionaire. Madge knows where she hears the name of Everton. In her mother's last sickness she calls, "Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!" There is mystery, and Ralph Straight unravels it.

CHAPTER VII.

MADGE PROGRESSES.

EVERTON laughed uneasily. That laugh belied the words that he uttered.

"Bah!" he said, "you are talking folly! A mystery, and you will unravel it? Well, my friend, proceed to unravel it as soon as you get ready."

And, turning upon his heel without further ceremony, he left the room and began descending the stairs.

"Yer let him off too easy, Mr. Straight," said Dave. "Say, sha'n't I go after him an' help him down ter der street?"

"No, no," said Ralph hastily. "Stay where you are."

"I wouldn't mind givin' him one in der neck myself, jes' fer luck," said Madge. "S'pose I go after him?"

"Nonsense!" said Ralph. "Ah, there's the whistle! Get back to your work, Dave; I'm afraid you've missed your lunch."

"Oh, dat's nothin'," said Dave, slouching off; but he was hungry, nevertheless.

"Wait a minute, Madge," said Ralph, when he, his sister and our heroine were left alone. "Are you sure you have heard the name of Shirley Everton before?"

"Dead sure," returned Madge positively. "And from your mother's lips?"

"Never heard it nowhere else."

"That is strange. What could she have known of Shirley Everton?"

"Dunno, Mr. Ralph. But he must have been a friend o' hers, for she spoke a good deal about him."

"Can you remember anything that she said?"

"Not exactly, but I know she allers spoke o' him as if he was dead. Maybe it wasn't the same man at all, Mr. Ralph—oh, it couldn't ha' been."

"Perhaps not," said Ralph Straight, meditatively. "Well, go back to the folding-room, Madge; we will speak of this again tonight."

They did speak of it again that evening, when the labor of the day was done, and they all—Ralph, his sister, his mother and Madge—sat together in the cozy little parlor of the flat, but they could arrive at no conclusion—how could they?—and the subject was at last dropped.

"I feel convinced," said Ralph, "that, as I said to Mr. Everton, there is some mystery in all this, and I am going to try to find out what it is. But there is something else that I want to speak to you about, Madge."

"What is it?" asked the girl, with wide-open eyes. "Nothin' hain't gone wrong wid my work, has it?"

"No, no, your work is all right; but—but"

Ralph paused, and his face flushed. He hardly knew how to express his thoughts in a way that would not offend Madge.

The girl helped him out.

"I think I know what yer wanter say, Mr. Ralph."

"You do?"

"I guess I do, anyhow. Oi, I ain't no fool an' I b'lieve in speakin' right out when dere's anyting ter be said. I don't talk like you an' Miss Alice, an yer kinder 'shamed o' me, ain't dat it?"

"Not exactly ashamed, Madge," began Ralph: "but—"

"Dat is it, den," interrupted Madge. "Well, I thought so. Don't never be 'fraid ter say jest what yer mean ter me, Mr. Ralph. I know yer 'shamed o' me, an' I don't blame yer, fer I hain't had no high-toned eddication, an' I

see der diff'rence as well as you do. Now, den der question is: Wat kin be done about it?"

"Wat can be done about it?" repeated Ralph.

He was more ill at ease than his companion.

Her frankness disarmed him.

"Yes, wat kin be done about it?" returned Madge. "Speak out now; give it ter me straight, an' no funny biz."

For a few moments Ralph was silent.

Then he said:

"Well, Madge, to begin with, you ought to avoid slang."

"Slang?"

"Yes."

"But I don't use no slang, do I?"

"Don't you?" smiled Madge anxiously.

"Yes. Do you remember what you said to me just now?"

"Wat?"

"You said, 'give it ter me straight, an' no funny biz.' Is that the way you hear my mother and Alice talk?"

Madge's eyes dropped.

"Well, 'taint."

"Then can't you model your way of speaking by theirs?"

"I'll try to, Mr. Ralph."

"Remember what I have said, Madge, and be sure that not one word was uttered in anything but a friendly spirit."

"I know dat, Mr. Ralph."

"Be sure that I feel toward you as a brother."

And the foreman turned away.

"As a brudder!" murmured Madge. "Well, I s'pose dat's all right but he don't seem like no brudder ter me—he seems somet'in' better and bigger. But I s'pose he's right."

The seed sown by Ralph Straight sprung up and bore fruit.

After that Madge carefully listened to every word uttered by Ralph, his mother, and his sister, studiously watching every movement.

She was an apt pupil, and she soon began to improve.

Instead of "dat" she said "that;" she substituted "the" for "der;" she eliminated all the slang she could detect from her conversation, and although her grammar was by no means faultless, her natural refinement asserted itself, and a very decided improvement was manifest.

Every evening the little family—Ralph, his mother, his sister, and Madge—met and discussed current topics, and the untutored, but enthusiastic girl listened eagerly to the discussions that were provoked, and sometimes spoke—usually to the point, though not always elegantly.

In these evening conversations Shirley Everton was sometimes spoken of, but after a time the interest that his singular visit to the bindery had excited began to grow less, and his name was mentioned with less frequency.

Ralph Straight, in his few leisure moments, had made some inquiries as to the mysterious connection between the millionaire and the humble, illiterate mother of Madge Mason, but had gained no information.

How could he?

What chance has worth in a contest with wealth—mind in a struggle with millions?

But during this time the mind of Shirley Everton was by no means easy.

He had heard nothing of Richard Harold for two weeks, and his mental condition was decidedly uncomfortable when one evening Tompkins entered his room and announced:

"That'er—gentleman who was here on the night of the big ball, sir, is waiting to see you again."

"Where is he?" asked Everton hoarsely.

"In the reception-room, sir."

"Tell him I'll be with him in a minute."

After taking a liberal drink from a black bottle that he kept in his desk, Everton descended to the reception-room, where Harold greeted him with:

"Ah, there! How goes it, old man?"

CHAPTER VIII.

HAROLD AT WORK.

Everton drew back haughtily.

His visitor's familiarity annoyed, offended him.

"Mr. Harold, I believe?" he said.

"Well, you believe right, old boy," said Harold, who was evidently a trifle "tipsy." "I am Mr. Harold—otherwise Richard Harold, otherwise Dick Harold, otherwise et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. Call me anything you please; but let's get down to business."

Everton maintained his frosty demeanor.

He had prepared himself for this interview, which he knew must come sooner or later.

"I am ready for 'business,'" he said. "What communicacon have you to make to me? When we last met I believe we made a bargain?"

"Yes," interrupted Harold, "we did. I agreed to put the girl, Madge Mason, out of the way for a consideration—isn't that right?"

"Hush!" interposed Everton. "Not so loud."

"Oh, that's all right," said Harold. "If your funky had his ear glued to the keyhole he couldn't hear me."

"Well, that was our bargain," admitted Everton.

"Of course it was."

"But the girl has not been put out of the way."

"How do you know?" inquired Harold, sharply.

"Because I have kept my eyes open."

"Yes, you have, and you've opened your mouth once or twice too often, too. Oh, don't get mad now; I know all about your visit to

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the bindery, and the way you made a fool of yourself there—I've heard the whole story."

"Sir—" began Everton.

"Don't get excited, I tell you," interrupted Harold. "You made a fool of yourself, as I said. I tol' you to leave the whole thing to me and you wouldn't, and you nearly gave yourself away."

"I heard nothing from you, and I had to satisfy myself," said Everton.

"You heard nothing from me because I was out of town."

"Yes, on business. I have other affairs on hand, my dear Everton, and yours, I thought, could afford to wait."

"But—"

"Just so. But, owing to your own stupidity—excuse me, dear boy—the business has got to be hurried a little. By your unlucky and ill-timed visit to the bindery you put yourself in a very unpleasant position. You said just enough to arouse the suspicions of Ralph Straight—who is no fool—and he has been trying to yank the skeleton out of the closet for the last fortnight. I think he is beginning to be discouraged now, but we ought to get to work, all the same."

"Well, then," asked Everton petulantly, "why don't you get to work?"

"I'm going to, my dear boy, but be patient—be patient."

"You intend to dispose of the girl?"

"Yes—at the price agreed upon."

"The half of my fortune?"

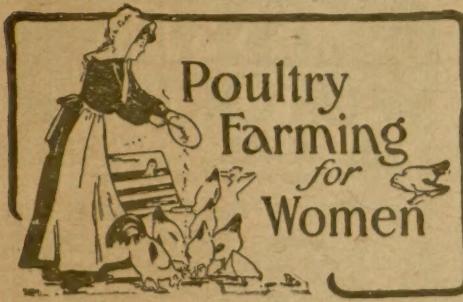
"Just so, one million dollars."

"I shall not pay it," said Everton resolutely.

"Oh, you won't?"

"No. Of what use will it be to me to have this girl put out of the way?"

"Don't you see any use in it?"



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Winter Eggs

THE best way to explain the necessity for certain ingredients in the winter bill of fare is to give you, in a condensed and simple form, the chemical analysis of the egg:

Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil fat, 130 grains; mineral matter, 9 grains; sugar coloring matter, 26 grains.

The remaining hundred parts of the thousand constituting an egg, are used in the makeup of the shell, consisting of fifty grains of salts of lime, twenty grains of uncombined lime (calcium oxide), the remainder being carbonic acid, water or crystallization.

Perhaps a brief explanation of even this simple analysis may prove useful. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food usually referred to as nitrogenous. Oil, fat, etc., are merged under the heading of carbon necessary for warmth. Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia, sulphur, etc. It must not be imagined that my endeavors to explain the food analysis is a reflection on your intelligence or power of comprehension. It is prompted entirely by the contorted condition of most of the reading matter in nearly all the published books. Close reading of this matter used to leave my poor brain in a very hazy, muzzy condition, when I began to study cause and effect, practically, in poultry culture. Experience, however, taught me the common sense of much that, at first, seemed theoretical jumble, because of the involved theoretical terms; so, after reading and digesting various authorities, a notebook was compiled for my own use, containing the gist of each article in the simplest terms possible to convey the information. During the last thirteen years practical tests of the value and benefit to be derived from each individual item has been made. When, as occasionally happened, a statement did not prove true, it was cut out; now I flatter myself there is little left in the book which is not "tested, tried, and true" worthy your close attention, for it will save you much groping in a wrong direction.

Knowing the material necessary to make the egg, no one ought to be foolish enough to expect Biddy to supply liberally, unless she is provided with the necessary ingredients. Farmers complain that hens lay all the eggs in the spring when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, but the moment the price goes up they "go out of business"—stop laying. Well, it is the farmer's fault. In the spring when they run loose, they obtain, on their own account, nearly everything necessary for the formation of the egg, but in the cold weather, insects and green foods are scarce; want of material stops production. The hens have urgent need then of the farmer's help, and too often don't get it.

Having, I sincerely hope, convinced you of the common sense of balanced rations, the next consideration is what farm-grown feeds best and most cheaply supply Biddy's wants?

We will start with the foods that give the greatest quantity of lime, because it is needed for shell and some fractional part of the white and yolk—most essential, for it is turned during incubation into bone, the very foundation of the chicken. Clover hay, linseed meal, and wheat bran contain about six pounds of lime in every hundred. Turnip tops, beets, carrots and all brassicas have also a goodly percentage. Flesh comes from nitrogenous or albuminal foods, first of which are beef, linseed meal, middlings, bran, clover hay, oats, wheat and skimmed milk. Fat and heat we get from carbonaceous provenders, among which corn and buckwheat lead, closely followed by oats, wheat, rye, clover hay, linseed meal and milk unskimmed.

Mineral matter, lime, soda, potash, magnesia, sulphur, are principally formed by the action of digestion in reducing the matter containing these ingredients to ash. The usual troubles assailing poultry on most farms come from the feeding of only one of these elements; poor Biddy has to stuff herself all flesh, and no warmth, or all fat and no flesh.

Kill a bird that has been fed on corn only, and it will be heavy with layers of internal fat, but showing a very poor depth of breast meat. Balancing rations by trying to equalize flesh, fat (warmth), and mineral is not a very hard proposition when the values of even a few grains and plants are realized.

Having read so far, you will now realize that clover hay, linseed meal, bran, wheat, oats, beef scraps and skimmed milk contain practically all the equivalents of summer foods; the addition therefore of corn, buckwheat or rye in cold weather are safe and simple, if given only as warmth-makers. Never allow the proportion to exceed what is needed for that purpose, or fat will be made and stored, neutralizing all your care. In other words, the hen fed on corn only, in order to accumulate the ten parts of flesh and twenty parts of fat needed for the egg, will be compelled to acquire fifty parts more fat than she requires.

Green bone and water now alone remain for consideration. The former is beyond doubt the best of egg foods qualifying as it does in nearly all the needed elements. Many farmers scoff at the idea of having to pay for a mill to cut up bone for chickens, yet the same men will not grudge a hay cutter for the horse and cow. Green bone means fresh bone from the butcher, which can be bought for about two cents a pound. The mill to grind depends as much on the breed as on the food. Green cut bone, clover, bran, lean meat, are all good egg foods.

C. M. has a rooster which became lame in one foot, which was badly swollen. A week later the other foot commenced, and now he can't walk at all. The birds are troubled with vermin to such an extent their feathers won't grow.

A.—Bumble foot comes from a bruise, and want of green food, or sometimes, dirty quarters. If there seems to be any pus in the foot, open it with a sharp knife and bathe in warm water to which a few drops of carbolic acid

as satisfactory because the grinding process it has to submit to before grinding, leaves little but the phosphate of lime and earthy matter which clover and bran furnish in better form. At least half the egg is composed of water, surely a sufficient reason for impressing the importance of a generous supply accessible at all times in clean dishes of a proper temperature, cool in summer and the chill off in winter. The foregoing will enable those who want to make up combinations from the materials at hand which will include the necessary elements, to select for themselves.

Bees

Nearly all the winter losses can be traced to starvation. See that each colony has an abundance of well sealed stores.

If the beehives are in an exposed place, try edging up some boards at their backs; or get up a few bundles of fodder before winter rightly sets in. Lots of things are not attended to at all, simply because they cannot be done in a shipshape manner.

Do not try to winter your bees too warm. They need access of air from the bottom.

Liquid honey syrup should not be given to bees in winter for food. At this time they are not able to evaporate the excessive water from it. They should have been supplied with food in the autumn. But, as a last resort, take a handful of liquid honey and work into it all the powdered sugar it will readily absorb; make the dough into the form of a pancake, and lay it on the brood frames directly over the cluster of bees; cover up warm and leave until spring. Then feed, for stimulative brood-rearing, liquid honey or sugar syrup.

Bees will winter better in a double-walled hive, north of latitude forty. A single-walled hive will do very well, providing a hood, say six to eight inches deep, is used instead of a flat cover.

Deep hives are very much better for bees to winter in than are the shallow ones; but, if the hives are made too deep, very little surplus honey, will be secured. Many beekeepers, including myself, now use two bodies at certain times of the season, removing one just at the beginning of the main honey flow, and putting on the section boxes. The idea is to keep the whole working force of the colony together, and crowd them into the section boxes.

Many of us remember the old method of keeping bees in box hives for breeders, allowing them to swarm, then putting the swarms into other hives and depending on them for our surplus honey. In the fall of the year the swarms were brimstone and the hives roared of their honey; after which they were stored away to be used again the next year.

Correspondence

A. F. D.—Keeps a great many rabbits and asks the following questions: Which are the most profitable to raise as a business, Belgian hares or fancy rabbits? (2) Do black, black and white, or blue and white rabbits sell as fancy rabbits? (3) Can you tell me whether there is a paper printed called the Animal World? (4) I have a Belgian hare that has a swelling on the left side of the face, between the eye and nose, and runs down to his upper lip; there is a white matter running from his eye. He makes a wheezy noise when he eats. I bought him three months ago. He seemed all right, but three days after I had him, he jumped out of the box I had him in. When I caught him, his face was cut open where the swelling now is, and he had bled a good deal. I keep him in an open box with four half-grown rabbits which are healthy. I feed grass, corn and oats ground together, and a small piece of bread twice a day.

A.—Much depends on your market. If you have space to keep Belgians in large quantities, and can supply general produce markets, and money to buy stock, they are undoubtedly profitable. Keeping only a few white rabbits or anyone of the fancy breeds would pay better. (2) The ordinary mixed colors sell as pets, when young, for about fifteen cents each; black and white, and blue and white, when true to the Dutch marking, are among the best of fancy rabbits. (3) I should imagine the buck got some dirt into the cut, which has caused an abscess to form. Bathe the face with lukewarm water, then apply carbolated vaseline; repeat this treatment every day until all matter and swelling has disappeared. You should not keep a buck in a hutch with half-grown rabbits; put him in a place by himself. Do you give salt in the feed twice a week, or in the drinking water? If not, neglect it no longer, or at least put a lump of rock salt in the hutch. Instead of ground feed all the time, use whole oats. Gather a few oak-leaves and acorns, and put them in his house; he is sure to nibble them and they are one of the best natural tonics for all rabbits.

S. G. S.—I have a new disease among my chickens, and my neighbors are anxious to have me ask you about it. The first was a half-grown bird, and I thought, when first looking at it, that its back was injured. It could hardly stand up. I put it in a little storeroom. It seemed very hungry and pecked at its food rapidly but never got a crumb! I put food in its mouth and it swallowed. The next morning there were eight similarly affected; all young chicks. In a day or two some hens commenced in all I lost about thirty. Some had slight diarrhoea; others, not any. They lived a long time after being taken sick and seemed to die from exhaustion; their combs were red until they died. I dissected one, but couldn't see anything.

A.—I should imagine there must be some form of indigestion and liver trouble running riot among your chickens, and, as it affects young and old alike, there must be some easily found cause for it. If the birds are on free range, ripening wheat or barley field may be answerable for over-feeding; new grain is dangerous. Lime or strong fertilizers will attract poultry and is an enlargement of the food passage just before it reaches the gizzard, and is seldom met except in connection with an attack of inflammation of the crop—overfeeding will cause such a complication. I once lost a lot of chickens with just such symptoms as you describe. After much trouble we traced the cause to a leakage in the kitchen sink drain, which allowed a small quantity of all the water emptied, to run out onto the ground about two feet from the house. It was spring cleaning time and a quantity of washing-powder and strong soap had been in use. If you can trace the trouble with your poultry to some such cause, boil rice and give them the water to drink. Feed a light mash which has been moistened with clover tea. Half a teaspoonful of castor-oil when you first notice anything wrong would help to clean the intestines.

P. L. C.—Pack the eggs in a large jar or crock and cover with brine.

S. H. M.—The color of the yolk of the egg depends as much on the breed as on the food. Green cut bone, clover, bran, lean meat, are all good egg foods.

C. M. has a rooster which became lame in one foot, which was badly swollen. A week later the other foot commenced, and now he can't walk at all. The birds are troubled with vermin to such an extent their feathers won't grow.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.



has been added. Keep the bird in a small coop, the floor of which is covered with clean, soft hay.

Set to work and clean the poultry-house. If there is an earth floor, scrape off two or three inches; shut the house up tight and burn sulphur in it. After removing all the dirt, give the ceiling, sides, and every hole and corner, a coat of boiling hot lime wash, into each quart of which has been added two tablespoonsfuls of kerosene oil and one of carbolic acid; douche all the corners well. The hens must be powdered every other night for two weeks with Dalmatian powder then give the house another cleaning. Unless you work hard now, there will be no winter eggs.

R. K.—Is it profitable to caponize young chickens. (2) What is the best age? (3) I have about fifty between two and three months old. Would you advise my caponizing them? (4) Should late hatchets be started this month or next? If you could send me some literature on caponizing I should be glad.

A.—It is very profitable to caponize young roosters, and the work is best done when about three months old. You will require a set of instruments and a few lessons from an experienced operator. I could not advise your undertaking this branch of poultry-raising unless you have a specially good market for expensive goods, and have already mastered the business of feeding for table. Being a woman alone, my advice is to devote your energies to building up a good flock of laying hens, as eggs are always in demand. Late hatches should be started in August or September, which will give you broilers by Christmas. December and January are the best months to hatch for the early summer broiler.

E. L. W.—Please tell me the best kind of pigeons or doves for scrub-raising, and where I can buy them.

A.—The Homer pigeon is the only one worth keeping for scrub-raising. I think you will find the addresses of dealers in the advertising columns.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

O. C. I do wish our paper would come oftener, once a week.

I will give you a pen picture of myself. I was eighteen in September. I am five feet nine inches in height, weigh one hundred and fifty-two pounds, have a fair complexion, dark curly hair and gray eyes.

I live in the country. I have three sisters and three brothers. We live two miles out of the city on a lovely farm of fifteen acres. We have five fine horses and two rich cows. We raise grain, vegetables, apples, pears, peaches and olives, we also have two acres of grapes.

My father is living. He is sixty years of age. My mother died last January. I am the oldest of the children. My sister Ruby is next. She keeps house for all of us and is a splendid housekeeper.

In the future (that is if this doesn't find its way to the waste-basket), I will write about our city.

I would greatly appreciate letters from the cousins, especially from Maine and New York, and will answer all. I remain, your loving nephew and cousin, MICHAEL V. HAGATE.

Michael, I am grieved to hear you have lost your mother, and you have my deepest sympathy. There is no heart wrench in the world so deep and lasting and terrible as the loss of a dear, good saintly mother. I am so glad sister is able to take care of you all. I hope you appreciate her devotion and make her as little trouble as possible. Give Ruby my love and tell her she is well named, as she is a jewel that is priceless. And now Michael, let me tell you that there is a piece of information in your letter that has interested me deeply. In fact, I am more than interested, I am excited. You tell us you have two rich cows and I want to know if you would brace the richest of the two for a small loan. To

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<b

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

DEAR COMFORT BOYS:

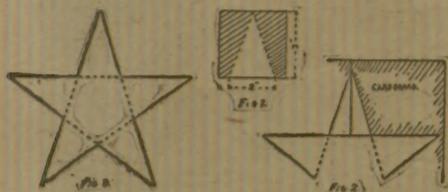
ANOTHER month and I picture you all eager for new ideas and suggestions. The installment of items this month is of unusual interest opening with

Hurry Scurry

"Hurry-Scurry" is the apt name of an indoor game that for its kind yields as much harmless fun as any I know of. Place a number of chairs, one less than there are players, in a room as compactly as possible, and then all retire to the adjoining room except one person. He is called the captain and begins to read or sing slowly. Suddenly he comes to an abrupt stop and each player runs helter-skelter for a chair. The one who is disappointed drops out of the game and takes a chair with him. This is kept up until there is only one person left. The contest is interesting all through, but between the last two it is almost hair raising.

Drawing a Star

It is often necessary in various mechanical jobs to be able to draw a five pointed star. If you try it with ordinary tools I think you will find it quite impossible to draw a star which has uniform angles and lines. Now, if we analyze the figure we will find that it is composed



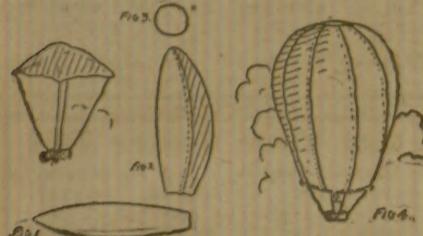
of five triangles, and as anyone can draw a triangle we are in a fair way to master the difficulty. The best way to go about it is to cut out a pasteboard pattern as shown in Fig. 1, and use it five times. The accompanying drawings make the method very plain.

Simple Coin Trick

Ask one of the company that he will accept a dime and upon receiving an affirmative answer show him the coin and press it in his open palm with a thumb that has been previously dipped in wax. Then quickly withdraw your thumb with the dime adhering to it and close the other person's hand. He will be most certain that the coin is still in his hand, for the sensation produced by the pressing will remain. Tell him he is at perfect liberty to keep it and upon opening his hand he will find to his intense astonishment that it has vanished. If you now show him the same coin you will still further mystify him.

Balloon

Paper balloons are a source of much amusement to the outdoor boy. The common parachute is easily made of a piece of tissue paper, tied with two strings from corner to corner, knotted where they cross. Throw the hanging weight into the air just as you would a ball and the parachute will open and float slowly



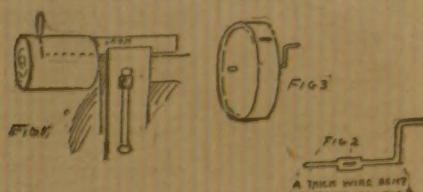
to the ground. A more ambitious effort is the paper balloon made of long, narrow curved sections, like Fig. 1. Eleven is enough, if you cut and lap uniformly as shown in Fig. 2. A mixture of flour and water is used for paste. The top circular piece, Fig. 3, can be put in last. Place a small candle or oil dampened sponge in the bottom hoop, light it and the hot air will soon inflate the balloon and cause it to float into the air, when you can watch it for hours.

Lightning Calculation

To multiply any number that contains two figures, that is, one that is more than ten and less than one hundred, by eleven, all you have to do is to add the digits together and place their sum between the two figures or digits. Example: 52×11 equals 572. We find it by adding 5 and 2 together and placing their sum 7 between the two figures themselves, namely, 5 and 2. If the sum of the two figures exceed 9 the left-hand figure must be increased 1, thus 48×11 equals 528. Practice this rule till you understand it thoroughly, you will find it very convenient in your schoolwork and in real life too.

Fishline Reel

As fishing is one of the country lad's chief pleasures he should always have his lines in ready compact form. Here's a reel that can be made in a few minutes from an old baking



powder can. In the manner shown in Fig. 1 cut off the can to a depth of one inch. Now place the cover on and drive a spike exactly through the center. The edges of the holes should then be filed smooth and a piece of wire bent, flattened, and punched to serve as an axle and crank fitted in. Fig. 2 clearly illus-

trates this idea. Two slots that coincide are cut in the rim to let the line feed in and out. Knot the line to the center of the reel, close the can just as you would close any tin box, and wind up as you wind a tape line.

Creating Smoke

Tell the company present that you can easily fill two bottles with smoke without any matches, fuel or any inflammable substance. When some one dares you to do it, get two common bottles which you have secretly prepared by rinsing one with spirits of salt and the other with ammonia. Put the mouths of the two bottles together and the two invisible exhalations will be converted into a white vapor which will immediately fill them like thick smoke.

Coin Trick

Here's a neat little trick that any one can perform without practice or apparatus. Balance a common playing card upon the tip of the left forefinger and place a penny on it directly over the finger. Now tell the company that you propose to remove the card without disturbing the coin. It looks very difficult and of course some one will say that you cannot do it. It is accomplished by snapping the end of the card with end of the second finger of the right hand.

You will find all this interesting and I hope to give you next month, some very new ideas, that are to surpass anything we have had. Good bye until November.

Your Uncle John.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

struck me, and struck me hard, that you could help me out in this matter. Of course I don't know how rich your cows are, but probably they have several millions of dollars saved up, and surely they wouldn't mind letting me have a small sum on excellent insecurity for about ninety years. Touch 'em for a ten spot first, and send it by express or money order. Two rich lady cows ought to be able to do that much for a man when he's pressed for money.

I'm sure I'd do as much for them. If they needed the loan and I had the bucks, I'd come across with the dust. If they won't ante up with the masumas, tell me where these rich cows keep their wads and I'll see if I can break into their safety deposit vaults, and get next to a bunch of their long green. I don't see why cows should be rich when I'm poor, and so I've put the matter up to you, and you interview the Rockefeller cows and see if you can't get them to pony up a bunch of their real dough to tide me over till the reubens nest again.

A little Western lassie has a few remarks to make.

MT. VERNON, WASH., Jan. 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I was sweet sixteen last Nov., and you must know I feel big. I have gray eyes, light brown hair, fair complexion, am five feet eight inches tall, weigh nearly two hundred pounds. Get over a little farther, kids, this is not enough room for me. I hope you did not get washed out during the flood, I came near it. I was in Stanwood at the time. The sidewalks were all afloat, a railroad bridge was washed out between Stanwood and Mt. Vernon and the trains could not run. The wagon bridge over the Skagit river in West Mt. Vernon was washed out. One man got killed. He was the husband of one of my cousins.

I went to a play party last Saturday night, never got back till half past two o'clock Sunday morning. Had a swell time.

Say, Uncle Charlie, I am going to ask what you will say is a foolish question, but I am in earnest. Why don't they train girls to be soldiers? I would go in a minute! I don't know that this great country of ours would ever need any more soldiers than they have, but we could learn to use arms and protect our homes, in case of an attack. How many of the cousins, that is the girls, are willing to go? I expect you will all say "no" so we will drop the subject.

CLARA PUFFER.

Clara, you have gray eyes, eh? I'm sorry to hear your eyes are turning gray at such an early age. I trust your hair is holding out, and showing no signs of following suit. I was not washed out during the flood. I was nearly drowned outside, but I have not been washed out since I interviewed a doctor and a stomach pump several years ago. I'm sorry you had a swell time at the play party. I had a swell time once, and I never want another. The cook in a boarding house that I used to reside in, tried to commit suicide. She put half a ton of rough on rats in a cup of coffee, and before she could drink it, the waitress picked it up by mistake and handed it to me, and I got outside of it before the cook could say a word. Then I had a swell time. I kept swelling, until I could not swell any sweller. I became such a big swell, that I couldn't get through the door. I tell you now, I had a swollen head and a sweltering time just then. It was weeks before the swelling went down, and I became of normal size again. Look out for those swell times, Clara, they are dangerous. Clara, you are not the only Puffer. I was a puffer too, when I had that swell time.

Your idea of girls being soldiers is daringly original, and I think it immense. As far as I am concerned, if war broke out I'd be only too glad to let the women do the fighting so long as they would let me do the running and hiding. A regiment of American girls could conquer the world without drawing a gun or shooting a sword. Their beauty and charm would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had women soldiers, too, things would be different. If ever two regiments of women soldiers get scrapping, may I be there to see the fun. I'll bet there would be the dandiest hair pulling time that ever happened. Gee, but that would be a battle worth going miles to see. You would see the "rats" falling out of the pompadours all right, all right. There would not be much damage done, unless they got prodding each other with ten-inch hat pins. I would rather go up against a dozen Maxim guns than tackle an angry female with a hat pin. I have been there and I know. As regards the use of arms, Clara, I don't think anyone could give the women pointers on that. You will remember that directly you were born, you were a baby in arms, and able to put up a pretty good fight I have no doubt. A sweet young gazelle-eyed blonde peach once gave me a lesson in arms I shall never forget. She put two of the fairest, dimpled, whitest embracers you ever saw around my frazzled goose neck, and I thought I was the whole cheese factory. I did not know that one of those peachy arms was reaching for my

pocketbook, and the other was digging out my ninety-eight cent Ingersons, but they were. When I came out of my trance I discovered I was shy a dollar and eleven cents, three pawn tickets, and a tooth brush that has been in our family four hundred years, a steel gold watch and two bone collar buttons. Oh, no Clara, it is not necessary to teach girls the use of arms, they can all use 'em, and when they get through using 'em, a poor man has not got much left, except a little experience and a good-sized grouch.

Creating Smoke

All the cousins are anxious to have me print more pottery from the League "Pots", and as I believe in encouraging the work of budding genius, I have much pleasure in submitting the following letter and poem from one of our sublimest "Pots".

RAYMOND, WASH., July 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live six miles from the city of Raymond, in the woods where the birds and squirrels only sing to me. I am employed in a logging camp where they log with engines. I am nineteen years of age and six feet tall, weigh one hundred and eighty pounds. Have brown eyes and dark hair. My father has a ranch about three miles from where I am employed. The country is very fine in Summer but bad in winter.

I am a great lover of music but don't like to dance. There are no girls in this country. They are very scarce.

All the cousins may write to me I will tell them how we put logs in the river with our steam engines, the girls especially, are sure to get an answer from me soon.

Now Uncle, if you ever come to Washington bring me a sweetheart and I assure you I will get you a job in our logging camp.

And another thing I am a great song writer and I will write you all kinds of pretty songs and poems. So don't forget my pleadings, Uncle. I will write you one song for a sample.

True Love

There is a young maiden sitting on a small bench under a apple tree, And she is a waiting for someone. Bar now she hears a step behind her And she turns her loving head around And there by her side stands a young youth.

CHORUS.

Yes we are two true Lovers, ditto ditto ditto And some day we shall join our hands together fore ever and ever.

He is a handsome young boy though, And he has a small farm by a river Tis the spot where I love to be with him Cause he is so kind and gentle to me. And Oh how I do love him Though some day he shall be his wife, And he will be my husband for ever.

CHORUS.

Now this is my sample song and I wish to see all in print.

As this is my first time to join your circle, I will close my letter now. Wishing to hear from some of the cousins, I am yours (author) JOE JAVORSKY (No. 16,190).

Joe, you were certainly inspired when you wrote the appallingly beautiful lyric above. I should think it was easy to write pottery when the "squirrels" sing, but alas, I never saw a squirrel, let alone heard one sing. Toby says he thinks a squirrel is the mother-in-law of a squirrel and that they sing through their ears once every seven years. As to this I am not competent to speak, but I should think you must have had the assistance of a good many squirrels when you wrote your medal winning love lyric. You have chosen a beautiful title for your pottery, "True Love" is an inspiring subject, and you have certainly handled it in masterly style. You have five lines in your first spasm, and none of them rhyme, and all differ as to length. So you have violated every poetic rule but that doesn't matter. A Pot can't have his fiery soul held down by mere rules, and then maybe the squirrels got in their fine work, and the rhymes got up and skiddoed to the tall grass. The last line of the first verse is sublime. "And there by her side stands a young youth". Joe, I am glad you told us that he was a young youth for we'd have had a fit if he had been an old youth. You also say the young lady was "wating" for someone. Now, I've never seen a lady "wat" for anyone. Joe, do tell us what's a "wat". Can a young lady stand on the "wat" question. Yours chorus too, is Honest Injun, Joe, you've got us all guessing on the "wat" question. Your chorus too, is fine. But how can we sing the second line? Surely you don't expect us to sing, "Yes we are two true lovers, ditto, ditto, ditto". That would sound dreadful. Now let me tell you how I would have written that first verse and chorus. Please note that my lines rhyme, and that the rhythm and metre are correct. There was a young maiden, she sat 'neath a tree, When a whopping big apple flopped down on her knee.

And she gazed at that apple with joy and delight, Then she opened her mouth and took a big bite.

CHORUS.

But that apple was green,—oh, that apple was green,

And an agonized look on her fair face was seen, For no sooner had she, that green apple bit oh! Than she had a pain in her ditto, ditto, ditto.

Joe, you might have the lover ride up on a gasoline chow chow, with a doctor and save her life, and win her for his very own hash chopper and button sewer for life. In your chorus, you say the lovers are going to join hands for ever and ever. That would never do, Joe. Think of the predicament he'd be in if a skeeter bit him in the middle of the back and he couldn't jar loose to scratch himself in a hurry. How would she be able to fill her face with pork and beans, with her hands tied up forever and ever? Your

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS

Tents - \$1.00 up Old Pistols - \$1.50 up Rifles - 1.25 up Officers Swords, new \$1.75 Army Saddles - 2.00 up Cavalry Sabers - 1.50 Army Bridles - 1.00 up Army Fur Cap, - 2.00 Leggings, per pair - 1.50 up Short Carbines, - 3.00 1907 MILITARY ENCYCLOPEDIC CATALOGUE (\$1.00 book), 260 large pages, the most beautiful illustrations, wholesale, retail prices of 15 acres GOVERNMENT AUCTION SALE goods, mailed fifteen cents (stamps). FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, NEW YORK

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George A. Parker, Dept. L 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

I'LL HELP YOU MAKE MONEY.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

hart of Wellington, Mo. I suppose you all have read of him.

I should like to receive letters from different states, also from foreign countries, especially from persons aged between thirty and forty. I will answer all who inclose postage.

MISS NANNIE HAYS, Box 9, Jearldstown, R. D., 3, Tenn.

My DEARS:

Those of us that live where the maple trees grow are certainly enjoying the beautiful changing foliage. Make the most of the outdoor life during this time. Our August number of dear old COMFORT was full of good things. The barrel-shaped hat-pin holder was too cute for anything. I think I shall manufacture about six of them for Christmas, then the paper-napkin ribbon box, and some of those crocheted belts. Girls, get out your materials, crochet hooks and go to work, crocheting them of cream white with ribbon of the same color, and for those that can embroider there is the dolly. We should all be experts at all of this fancy work, as Mrs. Wilkinson has been instructing us for so long. Then the letters in our corner. I am proud of COMFORT. I get many complimentary letters from our friends all over the continent, and one from my boy Hy Stanley. God bless him!

Hurrah for Florida and for Mrs. Ennis, and her neighbor, Mrs. Winchell. I certainly hope Mrs. E. you may get the entire fifty subscribers for the best paper printed for the money, I am going down this winter for some of that Saur-kraut.

At last girls you have the Salt Rising and Buttermilk Bread that I promised you long ago, but I suppose our COMFORT people had to have a rest during the summer, and furthermore probably thought you had all better buy baker's bread during the heated term, which was certainly very sensible. I know I bought it.

I am going to send right off for "Take me back to Dixie," the chorus is fine; the last strain is the air of "Old Folks at Home." I like it. "Elaine." Someone wants Elaine to call him back, so they can kiss and make up. The song is worth a great deal, more than our COMFORT people ask for it, let me tell you. "Silver Heels" was composed by Neil Moret and we all know what Neil's music is.

Frances C. Tucker. Many thanks for your kind letter, also the lovely poem. Sometime, we shall say, "God knew best." I will certainly pass the kindness along.

Mrs. James Nye. I do not think we belong to one another, for my husband's people were not English. Thank you for your kind words.

Mrs. Avilla Alger. I thank you for the pansy sent in your letter, it certainly denotes true love, and that is what we all ought to have for one another.

Mrs. H. Fletcher. I regret you sprained your ankle. I hope you have completely recovered.

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Mrs. S. M. Sutton. Perhaps I can send you the lace later.

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As the sisters take such a kindly interest in each other I will ask you all to remember a neighbor of mine, Mr. Henry Albro. So Coverter, Pine Knoll, Conn., a man of eighty-six years, whose left side is paralyzed from a shock. Letters would cheer and break the monotony of his life, and also that of his dear patient daughter who cares for him.

Mrs. Cora E. B. Nye, Box 27, So. Coventry, Conn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

promise to write me a "poet," Joe, is very generous, and I think I'll accept, for I'm no doubt you could compose a poet even better than you manufacture pottery. You might write me a poet ten feet tall with green eyes, blue whiskers, a far-away look, a hook nose, and a large fat juicy half a million dollar wad. After you composed a poet of that description, you read him one of your exquisite and fatal gems of pottery, and while he's dying, I'll swipe his wad and leave you to bury him, while the squirrels sing a requiem. If the pottery doesn't kill him, we can get an axe and soak him one on the ditto, ditto, ditto.

Next we have our monthly shut-in letter.

FINLEYSON, GA., R. D., 2, July 23, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please thank the cousins for their cheering letters and will you please tell them I grow weaker and more feeble everyday? My dear old mother is also very feeble. She is seventy years of age and able to do but little.

I have been a helpless cripple since childhood. Please remember me in your prayers, and help me all you can. I support myself by selling bookmarks with my pictures on them, for twenty cents.

I shall be glad to get some orders for them.

Your loving niece and shut-in friend,

REBECCA WHITFIELD.

Rebecca is a poor little mite of humanity who has had one long life of suffering. I have had many letters from her, and have always found her cheerful and uncomplaining.

She has been waiting patiently for nearly two years for her turn to have a letter in print. There is a long hard winter in front of her and her poor old mother. You have it in your power to bring a great deal of sunshine into that little Georgia home.

The grip of winter reaches even into the sunny South. Do what you can, to keep the wolf from the door of this humble abode.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Mrs. J. J. E. Your postal received on my birthday. Thanks.

Mrs. Gilbert. I wonder if you are our eldest subscriber? I shall long remember the 26th of August, as I fell hapless in writing you so you would receive the letter upon that day. I am sure you appreciated the premium you received.

Your words remind me of a hymn, the chorus of which is

"Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

Where in the world are you, Mrs. Linden, and that great-good natured cousin of yours? I wonder if he is married yet?

Michigan friend. Thanks for the card, I wonder if you are the one that sent me the money

for my shut-in fund? God bless you whoever you are.

Mrs. Nicolas Collette. I really wish you had sent the doll to someone else, as I have no time for that work. I shall try to comply with your request as soon as possible.

Mrs. Merritt. Card received. Uncle Charlie's book of poems is all right, from start to finish. I am pleased that you like it. Let us all remember that COMFORT will make a welcome Christmas present to many of our friends, and then, besides, think of the prizes they are offering us. I hope the friend that wrote me about those medallion pictures has got some for her den. They are lovely, as are many other prizes they give. I know of many "St. Elmo's" that are to be given for Christmas gifts, the recipients of which will thank and bless COMFORT for offering such a valuable prize.

Let the small boys get out those large pumpkins, cut out eyes, nose and mouth, insert a candle and put one on each gate post, for Haloween Eve. How spooky they will look.

N. B. Monday's for wealth, Tuesday's for health, Wednesday's the best day of all, Thursday's for losses, Friday's for crosses, and Saturday's no day at all. June is the best month. Are you contemplating matrimony?

M. M. I am going to tell you about how to prevent those awful chilblains next month, if possible, for next winter they will trouble you, if I do not.

J. A. D. (MRS. VAN DYKE), Orange, Mass.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank the many sisters for kindly remembering me through the month of May in honor of my boy's birthmonth. Some of the letters were full of sorrow, even greater than my own—some were full of gladness, but all were kind. One dear lady from the South sent me some Spanish moss and phosphate powders, others sent tracts, books and postal cards; one kind one sent just a verse or two which were appreciated. As a number signed no name I want to thank all for their kindness in remembering me.

I have answered a few of the letters, as some sent stamps and I would have been glad to have answered all of them, but my purse would hardly allow so much for postage.

Frances C. Tucker. Many thanks for your kind letter, also the lovely poem. Sometime, we shall say, "God knew best." I will certainly pass the kindness along.

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Mrs. Cora E. B. Nye, Box 27, So. Coventry, Conn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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HOOSIER OAK

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work

for October

Elizabeth Stone, 163 10th St., Buffalo, N. Y. Shut-in. Is raffling a beautiful Japanese pillow top. Chances fifteen cents. Miss Stone writes charmingly. Give her a boost. Send some letters of cheer and sympathy to Arthur H. Pace of Milo, Me. He is very downhearted over the loss of his guardian and guide (Dan). Miss Bethel Dixon, Knobel, Clay Co., Ark., is paralyzed. Wants reading matter and quilt scraps, and stamps. Esther Rosner, Rockbridge, Ky., bedridden all her life. Wants good reading and quilt pieces and cheer. C. W. Layton, Freehold, N. J. Shut-in. Send him cheery letters. Jim Wall, Oxford, N. C. Bedridden many years. Needs your help. No means of support. Henry S. Bent, Turbine, Tenn. Send him cheery letters, and reading matter. Put something in the letters. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, O. R. I. Helpless and in need. Can only retain milk. Another case where a cow would be a Godsend. Miss Addie Fuller, Ochatchee, Ala. Shut-in. Wants a reading and cheer. Cassie May Browne, Alexander Place, Clinton, Ark. Shut-in. Send her cheery letters. Put something in them. Mrs. Victoria Hutchins, Rockbridge, Ky. Send her cheery letters. Put something inside them. Eugene Pettis, Williamstown, R. D. 1, N. Y. Crippled from rheumatism. Give him your sympathy and cheer. Mrs. Hilda White, Mooreville, R. D. 2, Ind. Would like cheery letters. Fred W. Bizzell, Newton Grove, R. D. 2, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism. Remember him, please. Geo. R. Kendrick, Spencer, R. D. 3, Henry Co. Va. Shut-in. Wants letters and cheer. Hettie Latimer, Marshall, Mo. Send her cheery letters. Stella R. Rinhardt, Denver, O. Wants cheery letters. In close stamp for reply. M. Lillian Perkins, Hunlock Creek, R. D. 1, Pa. Bedridden many years. Send her substantial cheer. Sarah Good, Brook, N. H. Sixty-six years old. Shut-in. Send her all the cheer you possibly can. Isaac Price, Lenoir, R. D. 2, N. C. Bedridden and a great sufferer for many years. Needs your help. Thomas P. Day, Elwood, Ind. Quebec, Que. Helpless shut in. Wants cheery letters, reading and help.

There is a list that will give you a chance to do many noble, unselfish deeds. Deeds are the passport to Heaven. You can get there no other way.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie.

Darken Your Gray Hair

DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS
restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff and saves the hair roots. Gross and permanent appearance. **IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP.** is not the hair or scalp, nor does it irritate the skin. Copperas or poisons of any kind are completely avoided.

PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before turning gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents.

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Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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CHAPTER I.

JOB SEAGRAIN AND WIFE.

WHAT'S the use of talking, Job Seagrain?" exclaimed Squire Peter Shifletty.

"Taint no use, Squire Peter," replied Job, meekly, as he looked wistfully at his visitor; "I can't pay sixty-five dollars no more'n I can fly. I haven't got a dollar in my trousers' pocket."

"What's the reason you haven't?" demanded Squire Peter, savagely. "If you get a dollar you drink it up, and idle away your time till it is all gone. You have become a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow! You are a nuisance to yourself, to your neighbors, and to your family."

"What's the use of talking, Squire Peter?" asked Job, with a sickly smile on his foolish face.

"I suppose it's no use; I have talked enough. I have coaxed you, and flattered you, and warned you, and now I have done something more, I have attached your place, and if you don't pay my debt, it shall be sold under the hammer."

"That's rather hard, Squire Peter," suggested Job, with a painfully anxious expression on his face.

"Hard, is it? Do you think I'm going to find you in groceries and rum for nothing?" replied the indignant creditor, as he bestowed a withering sneer upon the weak debtor. "You have owned me sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents for more than a year. I have dunned you and dunned you for it."

"I know you have, Squire Peter, and I'm much obliged to you for it," added Job.

"You have promised and promised to pay me."

"I know I have, Squire Peter, and I have always meant to pay it."

"Why didn't you pay it, then?"

"Because I hain't had the money, Squire Peter—that is all."

"You might have paid some of it if you had had a mind to," growled the squire. "But instead of that," and the creditor waxed more indignant than ever as he spoke—"if you get a dollar, you pass by my door, and go over to Olgin's to spend it. You buy your rum and your groceries there now."

"That's because you won't trust me no more, Squire Peter," Job mildly explained.

"But I'm willing to sell you for cash, as Olgin does."

"He does trust me some."

"Not much; but he gets all your money."

"He don't get much, for I hain't had hardly any money for a year. Oysters is mighty skeeze this year."

"But they bring a high price for that reason. The trouble is, that you don't go after oysters."

"Taint no use: I can't get none if I do."

"Why don't you go a fishing, then?"

"It don't pay."

"I suppose not," sneered Squire Peter. "You can do as you like now. If you don't pay my bill, I'll sell out your place just as soon as I can get judgment for my debt."

"It's rather hard for me to see you owing me sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents, going by my store to leave what money you can mope at Olgin's."

"I won't do so no more," pleaded the meek oysterman. "I'll pay you every dollar I get, and let you trust me for all the rum I want to drink."

"I won't trust you for a penny," protested the squire. "This business has gone far enough. Now I'm going to get my money."

"But you won't turn me out of house and home—with you, Squire Peter?"

"Yes, I will. You had better go to Olgin, and get him to raise the money for you."

It was evident that Squire Peter Shifletty was wounded beyond the amount of his debt; and it was vexatious to see a man that owed him sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents patronizing the rival grocery of the place, and even paying cash when he wanted his jug filled.

"Do you suppose Olgin 'ill do it?" asked Job, with a gleam of hope.

"Do it! No, you simpleton!" replied the creditor, savagely. "After you have run up a bill of fifty dollars there, he will sell out your place if I don't. It's no use, Job: I want my money, and I'm going to have it this time. I have put the attachment on."

"You don't seem to have no attachment to me," groaned Job.

"I've got one now; and I'm not going to be a baby about it, either. I'm going to collect my bill. It's a bill I owe to myself and family to do so."

"I don't want you to sell the place, Squire Peter. It's all I've got in the world except the boat," pleaded Job, with the deepest humility.

"I can't help it. I've let the bill stand for a year, and you haven't paid me a dollar on it."

"But don't sell me out of house and home, Squire Peter; I will pay you every dollar I get."

"I have attached the place, and I'm not going to back out now."

"The place won't fetch nothing, Squire Peter," sighed Job, with a tear in his eye.

"It isn't worth much."

"I know it, Squire Peter; but it's all I have in the world."

"Well, stir yourself, then. If you go to work, you can raise the money before I can get judgment. Do something. Make an effort. If you raise the money and pay the costs, you can save the place yet."

"I don't believe I can if you mean to be hard with me."

"Get a mortgage on your house."

"My wife won't let me do that," replied Job. "I tried to do it once, and she smote me hip and thigh."

"Sell your boat, then. You don't use it much now. It will bring five hundred dollars."

"It's wuth five hundred of any man's money. I love that boat better than I do— he was going to say his wife, but he was afraid she might hear of the remark if he uttered it, and he checked himself—"than I do myself."

"It is a good boat, I dare say, and if you used it more, you could pay your debts."

"I use it all I can. Oysters is mighty skeeze, and fish don't pay."

"You ought to make that boy do something for you," added Squire Peter, glancing at a young man of sixteen or seventeen, who sat at the broken window of the room, reading a book.

"He is willing to do all he can," answered Job.

"He is a lazy fellow," said the hard creditor, sternly. "Why don't you go to work, Charlie, and help your father and mother out of trouble?"

The young man's eyes flashed as he laid his book on the window sill, and sprang to his feet.

"Help him out of trouble!" exclaimed he.

"It was you who helped him into trouble."

"What do you mean by that, you young rascal?" demanded Squire Peter, angrily.

"Haven't I begged and pleaded with you not to sell him any more rum?"

"That is none of your business."

"You have sold him rum till he is a sort, and now you are willing to take from him everything he has in the world."

"None of your impudence to me, Charlie."

"None of yours to me, either," replied the young man.

"Who are you, sir?" sneered Squire Peter.

"I'll let you know who I am if you don't let me alone!" replied Charlie, his eyes snapping as he gazed at the creditor of Job. "Do I owe you anything, Squire Peter?"

"You don't, but—"

"Then I don't want any of your chin music to me."

"Your father owes me, and if you were not an idle, lazy fellow, you would do something to help him pay his debts."

"I don't earn any more money to pay rum bills with. I hope you will lose every dollar he owes you for rum. If you were a decent man, you wouldn't sell rum to a man when you see it is ruining him."

"You impudent puppy!"

"You are another."

"That's the whole story," added Squire Peter, who did not like the looks of the woman, and made a movement as to place himself between her and the open door.

"You whelp of misery!" she continued; and then indulged in a sensation pause.

"It isn't necessary to use any hard words, Mrs. Seagrain. It's a just debt, and I have tried for a long time to collect that bill."

"You imp of destruction!" added the lady.

"I don't care to be insulted. I've done my business here, and now I will—"

"You grasshopper of vengeance!" continued the stalwart woman, dexterously intercepting Squire Peter on his march to the door.

"I have nothing more to say," he replied.

"You locust of wrath!"

"We are all cussed now," groaned Job.

"You bad-smelling fish!"

"Mrs. Seagrain, I will not submit to this insolence," said Squire Peter, as he made an effort to reach the door.

"Hold still, you sculkin of affliction!" persisted the giantess, heading off the squire.

"You devil-fish of desolation! Look at that little man!" and she pointed at her trembling husband, crouching in the corner, behind the dilapidated cook stove. "Look at him, you cat-fish of crime!"

Squire Peter looked at him as requested.

"Haven't I ordered you not to sell that creature any rum, you rotten oyster of shame?"

"I've heard enough, Mrs. Seagrain. Business calls me in another direction."

"Did I ask you a question?" she demanded fiercely.

"I believe you did."

"Answer it, then! Haven't I ordered you not to sell rum to that creature, you green lobster of misery?"

"I think you did, but I sell what people want to buy."

"And now you want to rob that creature of all he has in the world to pay his rum bill, you foul fish of desolation!"

The lady had evidently exhausted her vocabulary of epithets, and found it necessary to go through with the list again.

"It wasn't all for rum," pleaded Squire Peter.

"Most of it was, you putrid mackerel of wrath! If you attempt to sell out this place, I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"Do you threaten me, Mrs. Seagrain?"

"No; I don't threaten you, but if you do it, I'll scratch your eyes out! I'll crack the bones in your miserable skin, that's all!"

and did not notice the remarks of the boy. He evidently "meant business;" for grasping one of her stout arms, he attempted to release her hold upon the unfortunate victim of her wrath. If he accomplished nothing more at first, he succeeded in distracting her attention.

"Let him 'one!'" cried Charlie, in loud and firm tones; "I've seen enough of this sort of thing."

"What do you mean, you little puppy?" said Mrs. Seagrain, while she gazed with astonishment at the bold youth, who had never before attempted to interfere in the family quarrel, of which he had often been a witness.

"You shall not knock the old man about in that sort of shape any more," replied Charlie.

"Did you say that, little boy?" she asked coolly.

"I mean it."

"I see I must take you in hand," she added.

"I've stood this thing long enough. I won't be knocked about myself or have the old man knocked about, either," said Charlie, defiantly.

"You won't?"

"No; I won't!"

The young man darted between the woman and her victim, and wrenched her grasp from his collar. He did it so quickly, and with so much energy, that he had not only released Job, but escaped her clutches himself. Seizing a small boat-hook, made of a broom handle, which hung in the room, he planted himself between Job and his unloving spouse.

The lady looked wrathfully at him. Opposition in her own house, either by word or deed, was a new thing to her, and she was taken "all aback" by it.

"Kinder easy, Charlie," whined Job.

"Do you mean to strike me with that boat-hook?" demanded Mrs. Seagrain.

"Not if I can help it; but if you put your finger on him or me, I shall hit as hard as I know how," replied Charlie, shaking his head to emphasize the remark. "I can't stand this thing any longer. I am sick as death of it, and I will fight Job's battle for him as long as I can stand up."

"Kinder easy, Charlie," muttered the miserable victim, terrified beyond measure at the boldness of the boy.

"Am I to submit to this little wretch's treatment of me?" demanded Mrs. Seagrain. "Am I to be turned into the fields by his folly and sin?"

"I hope not, but it won't help the matter any to knock him about as you do," replied Charlie, with the dignity of a sage.

"I won't put up with it!" said she spitefully, when she discovered that she had been intimidated, and had exhibited some signs of yielding. "I'll grind him to powder."

"No, you won't" added Charlie, demonstrating with the boat-hook.

Mrs. Seagrain was not so brave a woman as her flippant tongue and her muscular effort seemed to indicate. She was the mistress of the house, rather because no one had opposed her than because she had the strongest will, and the stoutest arm. Job Seagrain was by no means an infant. On the sea, in the wild mutterings of the tempest, he was a bold, brave old fellow. His was a sinewy arm, and he could lift as big a basket of oysters as many a man of much greater weight. The woman did not like the looks of the young man. There was a fire in his eyes which warned her to be cautious. She did not offer to touch Job again. She seated herself by the stove, but she rocked and tipped herself about in the intensity of her excitement. She wanted to shake Charlie, and restore her authority, but the boat-hook was an ugly weapon, and she had a wholesome dread of it, for she knew that the young man was both stout and quick. If she could get hold of him, she could shake him all to pieces, as she did Job; but in the present instance, she must wait for a more convenient season to discipline the bold rebel.

"Things have come to a pretty pass in this house!" exclaimed Mrs. Seagrain, as she rocked violently in her chair. "I suppose I ain't nobody here now. Am I to be put down in this manner?"

"Easy, Charlie," whined Job. "Don't set on her again."

"The drunken little whelp of desolation," muttered the wife.

"Things are going to be different now," said the young man. "We won't have any more knocking about in the house."

"You wait and see," snapped Mrs. Seagrain, groaned Job.

"Yes, we shall, governor. Don't worry about that. You and I can raise money enough to pay off this bill," added Charlie, confidently.

"I tuk it is about time you did something," snarled the discomfited woman. "You have been laying about all summer, both of you, doin' nothin'!"

"Come, governor, we will go off tonight, and see what we can make."

"Where are you going?" asked Job, timidly.

"Going to make some money to pay this bill," replied Charlie. "We shall not be back till tomorrow night, if we are then."

"Are you going to stay away all night?" inquired Mrs. Se

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To be a member of the Club means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, any and every time you want, about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell you my way to overcome it. So many people write me about such things that can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also a small initial or monogram to use in answering you, and you will find the answer under these initials. Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the good of all COMFORT subscribers, so in asking any questions you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to expire you had better inclose 15 cents to the Publisher for a renewal to COMFORT when you write.

THERE are hundreds of clever ways which help to make one pretty, which I'll tell you from time to time, but just this month I want to talk about the thin girls and show them how to get a pretty bust and arms.

My! how many there are of our thin members. It almost seems as if everybody is thin until you hear from the other side of the question. But you are all anxiously waiting, so I will proceed. My thin girls will find it much easier to grow plump and beautiful if they first firmly resolve not to worry, for worry, the greatest robber of woman's beauty, lies at the bottom of our thin little girl's woes. Forget to worry, laugh at the world, and you will find you are on the high road to beauty, not on some little straggling path, that might or might not, eventually lead to Beautyland, but the broad high road which leads you straight with never a mis-step. The next thing for you to do is to sleep, and if you resemble me, you won't mind this health rule at all. See that

thus exposed it is proof that you are very sensitive and sadly in need of self massage. In order to stop this shivering, throw a Turkish towel (the largest one you have) across your shoulders and begin to rub yourself vigorously with it. As soon as you begin to get warm and your skin is in a glow, you can discontinue the use of the towel and begin a massage with your hands. Before beginning this hand massage, however, you should dip them in a jar of olive oil, so that your skin may be fed as well as stimulated by this treatment. In massaging, use the palm and fingers of your right hand and rub down the front of your left arm to the wrist, then up the back of the same arm to the shoulders. Repeat this ten times. Alternate then with the left hand. During this massage, see that your hands are dipped frequently in your olive oil jar. Now attend to the throat. Rub with the right palm over the throat and left side of the neck up to the ear ten times, then change to the left hand. The neck has now been thoroughly fed and stimulated and we can go on to another portion of the body.

Put your hands behind you and rub down your back to the kidneys. This will refresh you and rest your back wonderfully. This movement should be repeated ten or twelve times. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten times.

Next you must rub your legs. Use the same exercise as is given above for the arms. Rub down the front and up the back. You are now quite tired in all probability and perfectly willing to rest, but you must postpone this until after your feet have been attended to. The soles of the feet are very delicate and should be rubbed gently with the palm of your hands for a moment or two.

The thin girl is now through with her first oil massage and can dress and go about the day's pursuits. You will find this oil massage will keep your skin smooth and soft, make your muscles supple and young, and what is more important to the thin girl—gradually add the desired pounds of flesh.

You will not need any oil massage if you take the milk diet. This massage is only for the doubting Thomases in the thin girl's ranks, who have no faith in milk as a beautifier and flesh producer.

So many have asked for directions for making the Beauty Bags that I am printing them here:

Directions for Making Pretty Girls' Club Beauty Bags.

Take ordinary cheesecloth and cut it into strips two and a half inches wide by five inches long, fold over and sew up the sides making nice little bags about three and a half inches square, fill these with Quaker Oats and sew up the top of the bag and you have one of the most wonderful little healthful cleansers for the skin ever devised; they have such a healing effect upon skin disorders you will notice an immediate improvement if used as per following directions: Every night on going to bed fill a basin with hot water and allow the bag to soak for a few seconds, not longer, till you see the little milky substance begin to come forth. Then using the bag as a wash cloth, thoroughly rub the face—every little crevice and wrinkle (later we'll get rid of wrinkles). Keep moistening the bag just as you would a wash cloth. The result will surprise you. It has a wonderful cleansing effect and removes all roughness and all scaly bits of skin leaving the face smooth and soft and clean. (You don't realize how much the latter means, but half of us aren't clean, even when we think so). In the daytime, if for any reason your face feels rough and dry, use the "Beauty Bag" again. One of the most delightful presents I know of for a pretty girl is a box of Beauty Bags, all daintily overcast or buttonholed with wash silk in delicate colors.

And Now for the Questions.

Oh, my! what a lot of letters I received from the readers of the August article. Of course, a lot of my girls asked the same questions and on account of lack of space I could only select the most important ones to answer in COMFORT. If you don't find your own special answer here just read the others, and I think you or nearly all, will find your questions answered somewhere among them—but the letters still pour in and I will do my best and reply to a lot more next month, when I will give you a talk on "The Care of the Hair."

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Virginia.—I certainly sympathize with you in your trouble and am glad to say that superfluous hair can be permanently and safely removed, although it is somewhat difficult to do as the little hairs are most persistent. The best and quickest way, of course, if it is possible, is to have them removed by the electric needle, but if this is impossible, the following treatment brings sure re-

Peroxide of Hydrogen to the affected part one drop and application of aqua ammonia the next. The peroxide bleaches the hair to invisibility, and the ammonia kills the little hair roots. This treatment usually takes three or four months but if persisted in the hair will gradually die and fall out. It is a long task but sure, and takes only a moment each night before retiring. Try it.

Brown Eyes, Sad Heart and others interested in the safe and permanent removal of superfluous hair, please read my answer to Virginia in this column.

L. B.—Use one of my Beauty Bags instead of soap and you will be rewarded by a soft, white skin. You should also take my hot water remedy for several months. Wrinkles are annoying things, but if you keep right after them, they will gradually disappear. To banish them massage your face with light upward movements, first rubbing in a good skin food. I give you one formula here:

Spermaceti, one half ounce, white wax, one half ounce, sweet almond oil, two ounces, lanoline, one ounce, coconut oil, one ounce, tincture of benzoin, three drops, orange flower water, one ounce.

Be very careful to massage across the line of the wrinkle, not along it. This is important.

NOTE. Besides being rather expensive we know it is difficult for many of our readers to obtain all these ingredients and we have had a superior skin food made up for the special use of members of the Pretty Girls' Club. The Publishers of COMFORT are sending a free sample to Pretty Girls' Club members. Wrinkle and Blemish Cream free for those only two 15 cent subscribers to COMFORT as per offer at end of this Department.—EDITOR.

Magnolia Maid.—If your arms are only a little freckled, I would advise you to use the following preparation, which is a simple but strong remedy. The juice of three lemons, strained; four ounces of alcohol and two ounces of rosewater. Apply, and let dry into the skin, after which rub in a good skin food, formula for which is given in my reply to "L. B." in this column. White spots on the nails are nearly always due to injury, and you must be careful not to bruise them in any way.

Perplexed.—If you desire long, curling eyelashes, moisten the edges of your eyelids with red vaseline every night before retiring. Be careful not to get any in the eye itself. My article on the "complexion" in the September number of COMFORT will tell you what to do for pimples and blackheads, and when to do it.

X. Y. Z.—Thank you for your photograph. Judging from it I hardly think you need very much improvement.

Read my article on "Complexion" in September COMFORT for the proper treatment of blackheads and pimples. Dissolve a quarter of a teaspoonful of powdered borax in two quarts of tepid water each night and wash your face thoroughly. This keeps the skin perfectly clean and helps banish the annoying blackheads. Use the Beauty Bag instead of soap for the face. Take a hot bath once a week, using soap on the body but not on the face, then every other day take a tepid sponge bath. Regarding eyelashes, moisten the edges of eyelids with red vaseline. You seem to have arranged your hair very prettily, and I would only suggest that you let it fall a little more loosely around the temples. Why not rub the raw cucumber on the face? However, the preparation you mention is perfectly harmless.

Brown Eyes, Harold, Neb., and all others desirous of information about blackheads and facial disorders, refer to my article on Complexion in last month's COMFORT. Massage your arms and hands every night with cocoanut or olive oil. As you grow older your arms and hands will plump naturally. You are not old enough yet, little girl, to be perfectly developed. Do your front hair up in a fluffy pompadour, braid your back hair, tie in a club on the nape of your neck, and pin on an enormous bow made of black taffeta ribbon about four inches wide. This is the latest fashion for a girl of your age. The juice of one lemon mixed with one half ounce of honey is a good tan remover. Wear a sunbonnet or large hat when out in the sun.

Honor Bright and others.—If you will drink four or five quarts of milk every day, you will soon gain the desired pounds. You will also find it a wonderful bust developer. A woman can gain three or four inches through the bust on this treatment, and it will only take six or eight weeks. She will also average a gain of three or four pounds a week. Drink the milk slowly, so that it may become saturated before swallowing. Take only one meal a day. Massage the chest with cocoanut oil for ten minutes each day using light circular movements. When through with this massage dash cold water on bust and neck, as this stimulates the circulation and makes the bust firm and white.

Black Eyes.—Massage your neck with olive oil each day, and you will be pleased by the results. Use the following tonic for your hair, although if your hair is thick and curly you have little to complain of. Formula: Forty grains of Resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce each of alcohol and witch-hazel. Apply to scalp every night.

G. E. B.—Try massaging your scalp with vaseline every night until the scalp is pink and glowing. Keep your scalp loose upon your head. For good tonic to increase growth of hair use Resorcin tonic given "Black Eyes." Write me again.

C. A. J.—See reply to "A Speckled Egg" as regards hair. Brown moles can be removed by the electric needle, but this needs an expert operator. Moles are dangerous things with which to meddle. If ignorantly interfered with, it may be the starting point for some cancerous growth. Very little can be done for a scar, but a gentle massage with cold cream and then a little powder fumpled will greatly improve their appearance. Old Father Time will also keep his gentle obliterating finger upon these little marks until they gradually fade away.

Rose Bud.—See reply to "Peggy." This will keep it fluffy and you should also do your hair over rolls or puffs, being careful to arrange it loosely. These pompadour pads and side and back-hair pads can be obtained at a dry goods store.

Yours in Need.—I wish I did have some magic curling fluid as I would be the first one to use it, but unfortunately there isn't any. The Beauty Bags can be used twice.

Bones.—Regarding your hair, see reply to "Peggy." Try the milk diet for increase of flesh. For further particulars read my reply to "Honor Bright." Thank you for your sweet development.

Sunflower-seed.—For liver spots take the juice of one lemon in a glass of water every day half an hour before breakfast. You should also eat plenty of stewed fruit. Get fresh cucumber juice, massage your face with fresh cucumber juice every other day, and you will soon note improvement. Too light clothes or indigestion would cause this redness of the nose. Cut out rich foods and take long walks. Rub in a little skin food and massage, gently rubbing from the nostrils up the side of the nose, and along the upper edge of the eyeshoeek. By doing this you follow the nerves which control the blood vessels and thus scatter the congested blood.

M. M. M.—You should not use soap upon your face, as your skin is evidently too sensitive. Use my Beauty Bags for your face and this roughness and irritation will pass away. If you dash cold water on your face several times each day, your skin will soon be firm and your enlarged pores will gradually contract. Massage with a good skin food will also be of great benefit.

Lily Curey.—Following is a formula which will assist you in your difficulties: Tincture of cantharides, one ounce; liquid ammonia, one dram; glycerine, one half ounce; oil of thyme, one half ounce; rosemary oil, one half dram. Mix all together with six ounces of rosewater, rub into the scalp thoroughly until the dandruff disappears. A little vaseline rubbed briskly into the scalp each night will soon stop the falling of the hair and bring in a new growth. Be careful not to get it on the strands of hair.

B. L. S.—Read my article on "Complexion" in the September number of COMFORT, and follow instructions, and a clear rosy skin will soon be yours. A good tonic to increase growth of hair is given to "Black Eyes" in this column.

A. B. C.—Massage your scalp every night with vaseline until it is pink and glows. Hair naturally comes out in the fall, but you should not comb it in winter. Rub for your height you should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Try dieting for superfine flesh. Cut out candy, rich puddings, pies, cakes, gravies, butter, sugar, in fact all the good things that your heart desires. Make it a habit to take lemon juice in a little water every morning before breakfast. Take long brisk walks every day—and long does not mean a ten or fifteen-minute walk. No, indeed; two or three hours of the day should be spent in walking. Don't sleep too much and keep busy every minute. Write again.

Lily Meyer.—Your skin will soon be rosy and white if you persevere with the hot water and Beauty Bags. For the oiliness, dissolve a little powdered borax in the water when bathing your face. This will help you greatly. Shampoo your hair every ten or fourteen days, putting a teaspoonful of powdered borax in your last rinsing water. Dry your hair in the sun.

Catherine.—For those despised "brown spots" read my reply to "Sunflower-seed" in this column. You don't ever need to look old if you take care of yourself. Try drinking milk for the improvement of your general health; four or five quarts per day will clarify your skin, lower your temperature, strengthen your blood, fill out angles, and in fact work a transformation. Try Resorcin tonic for your hair, the formula given "Black Eyes" in this column. My Beauty Bags will make your skin soft and smooth and they are also very healing in case of facial eruptions.

S. J. L.—For dusky hair read my reply to "Peggy." You will get rosy cheeks if you take my hot water remedy, also a fine white skin. It's worth trying, isn't it?

M. U.—Use the Beauty Bag until your skin is soft and smooth. Write and tell me if you are thin or plump, and then we will be rewarded by a soft, white skin. You should also take my hot water remedy for several months. Wrinkles are annoying things, but if you keep right after them, they will gradually disappear. To banish them massage your face with light upward movements, first rubbing in a good skin food. I give you one formula here:

A. Blue-eyed Lassie.—A good powder does not harm the skin, if your face is thoroughly washed each night before retiring.

going to bed. Read my reply to "A. B. C." as to the proper way to reduce flesh. You can keep your hair nice and fluffy by frequent shampoos, dissolving a little powdered borax in the last rinsing water, and by putting your hair up in kids every night.

L. E.—You should cut your hair off just above the broken point. This is a rare proceeding, but it is the only thing to do. For dryness of the hair, massage once a day with olive oil, and just before shampooing treat it to a coal-oil bath. This will cause your hair to grow.

L. L.—See reply to "L. P." Do not curl or snarl your hair, and shampoo frequently. Brushing is good for the hair and will keep it smooth and gay.

A. Speckled Egg.—Use a little borax in your rinsing water when shampooing. Do this and shampoo frequently. This will make your hair fluffy and easy to arrange. A full soft pompadour would be becoming. Let it lie loosely on your forehead. Moisturize your finger nails with quinine to cure yourself of biting them.

Blue-eyed Mamma.—Touch edges of eyelids with red vaseline. Never clip the eyelashes. See reply to "Speckled Egg." For oily skin dissolve a little quinine in the water when bathing your face, then bathe in cold water. My Beauty Bags are very beneficial.

B. R. S.—Touch eyelids with red vaseline or olive oil; this will make the lashes grow. Scatter a few drops of Brilliantine on your hairbrush, then smooth your hair with it, after which put up in kid curlers and I think you will find the waves will stay in. If you are careful not to use too hot irons, your hair will not be injured much by curling irons.

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Young in Need.—I wish I did have some magic curling fluid as I would be the first one to use it, but unfortunately there isn't any. The Beauty Bags can be used twice.

Bones.—Regarding your hair, see reply to "Peggy." Try the milk diet for increase of flesh. For further particulars read my reply to "Honor Bright." Thank you for your sweet development.

Blue Bell.—Haverhill, Iowa.—I agree with you. Always try to keep yourself looking sweet and pretty, married or unmarried. It's a duty you owe to yourself, your family, your husband, and the world at large. Following is a location which you will like to hit the face and hands, but its best medicine is that of mixing a few drops of lavender oil, half a pint bottle of elderflower water, and add two tablespoonfuls of castile soap. Shake and add gradually one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elderflower water. For your hair use Resorcin tonic given "Black Eyes" in this column. You could use a dye to make your hair darker, but I could not advise this. Frequent shampoos in rain-water and drying in the sun, followed by gentle brushing of the hair each day, will keep it soft and glossy.

Cousin May.—See reply to "Peggy" in this column regarding dusky hair. Why not wave your hair on the curlers every night, then draw it loosely over pompadour pad. You could also use side and back pads under your hair. This is very fashionable at the present moment.

Ugly Girl.—Touch your eyebrows with castor-oil every night being careful to follow the eyebrow line, and apply red vaseline to the edges of your eyelids every night also, being careful not to get any in your eyes. To increase growth of hair use Resorcin tonic every other night, formula given to "Black Eyes" in this column. On alternate nights massage your scalp with vaseline until the scalp is pink. A little borax in your rinsing water when shampooing will keep your hair fluffy. For your neck, make a very light oil with olive oil or cocoanut oil. A long neck is considered to be very pretty. It only needs to be plumped a little and the olive oil will do this. Bending from the waist line will reduce the waist rapidly; the more you can bend the more your waist will go down. Sideboard exercises are also fine for this purpose. For these exercises, stand erect, then bend forward to the floor and pick up a handkerchief you have placed there. Do not bend your knees—bend from the waist line.

W. L.—You can use Beauty Bags twice. You could dye your hair, but this I could not advise. No matter how good the dye the fact is always evident that the color is artificial; besides, all dyes injure the hair.

Golden Locks.—You are just the right weight for your height. For reducing waist read my reply to "Cousin May." Try Resorcin tonic for your hair, formula was given "Black Eyes" in this issue. Apply every other night and on alternate night massage your scalp with vaseline. To brighten the eye, steep good green tea, then at night soak bits of absorbent cotton in the liquid and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

CHAPTER XXX.

IT HAD PLAYED HIS GAME.

ALITTLE later Mrs. Robertson came in and matters were explained to her. She was a sweet woman, and Jerry's heart went out to her the instant he saw her. She was equally pleased and hugged the boy over and over again, while the tears of joy flowed silently down his cheeks.

"You must tell me all about yourself," said she, and Jerry told his story, to which both his father and his mother listened with keen attention.

"I am glad that you have been brought up with such a fine family as the Parkhursts," said his father, and Mrs. Robertson said the same.

"I suppose I'll have to go back to them and explain matters," said Jerry. "I'll be rather sorry to leave them, too."

"Would you rather stay with them than come with us?" questioned his mother quickly.

"No, indeed," he said. "But what I was thinking of was, that they'll be sorry to have me leave them, Miss Mabel especially."

A long talk followed, and in the end Mr. Maxwell and Henry Davenport were invited to dine with the Robertsons, including Jerry.

"What shall you do about Mrs. Starfield?" asked Mr. Maxwell, while they were gathered around the table. "She is almost at the end of her course and wants to go to England, to some of her relatives."

"Let her go," answered Mr. Robertson, and it was settled.

But all were anxious to hear the details of the old servant's tale, and in the end Mrs. Starfield was made to visit the Robertson house.

The lawyer was to blame," she said, over and over again. "He said it would be an easy way to make big money, and poor Amos believed everything he said."

"What was the lawyer's name?" asked Jerry.

"His name was Jason Gilroy," answered his father.

"What became of him?"

"That is a question. I think he fled to England."

"He did, but he came back about eight years ago," answered Mrs. Starfield. "He changed his name and cut off his beard, so that folks wouldn't know him."

"Do you know what name he now uses?"

"Yes, sir—Richard Clarke."

"Richard Clarke!" ejaculated Jerry and Henry Davenport in a breath.

"Do you know the man?" demanded Mr. Robertson.

"Do we know him?" repeated Jerry. "I just guess we do. He's the rascal who wanted to marry Miss Mabel Parkhurst and wanted to get hold of the hidden treasure."

"Is it possible?"

"I reckon we have a rod in pickle for Mr. Richard Clarke," came grimly from Henry Davenport. "After we get through with him he won't want to show his head again, either around our settlement or around New York."

"He ought to be arrested," came from Jerry.

"He shall be," answered his father quickly.

That very night it was arranged that Mr. Robertson should accompany Jerry and Henry Davenport back to the Parkhurst home. Jerry thanked Mr. Maxwell warmly for what the merchant had done, and Mr. Robertson was equally grateful.

* * * * *

And now, leaving the others on their journey to the settlement near Hill's Tavern, we will go back to the Parkhurst family and see how matters were faring there.

Mr. Parkhurst, unaware of the favorable change that had taken place in his circumstances, was still nervous and irritable. Mabel, sustained by hope, bore all with unruffled serenity. As for Dick Clarke, he felt that matters were approaching a crisis. The gold that Indian John had stolen from him constituted the bulk of what he had on hand, so that by the end of a fortnight he would have barely enough left to carry him back to the city. But he did not suffer this to trouble him much, feeling assured that Mabel would finally yield.

Knowing very well that this would not be from any preference for him personally, he thought it wisest to keep out of her way, and employed his time in hunting and fishing.

At length the fortnight expired.

With a heart elate with hope Clarke rode over to the residence of his prospective father-in-law. When he was admitted into the sitting-room, Mabel and her father were present. Dick Clarke advanced into the room with an air of easy indifference and affability, and bade Mabel and her father good morning.

"I'm a man of business, Mr. Parkhurst," he said, rubbing his hands, "and once again let me hope that you and your charming daughter have considered favorably the proposal I have made, and are prepared to accept it."

"In that case," said Mabel, "you are prepared of course to give up to my father the letter of which you came into possession?"

The lawyer looked slightly embarrassed.

"I haven't it with me just at this moment," he said.

"Doubtless you have it at the tavern, then. You must pardon us for being over-careful, but the circumstances seem to justify it."

The lawyer paused a moment in embarrassment.

"To tell the truth," he said. "I didn't bring the letter with me on this journey. I thought there would be considerable risk of losing it, and accordingly left it in New York, at my office."

"How are we to know that you have such a letter, then?" asked Mr. Parkhurst.

"On my word of honor as a gentleman," commenced the lawyer.

"I am sorry you esteem your word so lightly," said Mabel coolly.

As she spoke she took from the table the letter that Clarke at once recognized as the one which he had lost.

"Confusion!" he muttered, while his heart sank within him.

"You undoubtedly recognize the letter," said Mabel.

"Where did you get it?" demanded Dick Clarke briefly.

"Well, if you must know, our boy Jerry found it in the woods nearly three weeks ago."

"Humph! Of course he brought it to you at

"He did."

"And have you—ahem—have you done anything in the matter?"

"I do not consider that that is any of your business, Mr. Clarke, but since you want to know so much, I will answer that we have."

"You—er—"

"Mr. Davenport and Jerry went to New York together over a fortnight since."

The lawyer fell back in amazement.

"And they—you have heard from them?" he faltered.

For reply the door to the next room opened and Henry Davenport and Jerry entered, for they had reached the place the night before.

"Yes, we are back, Mr. Clarke," said Henry Davenport.

"And I am happy to say that the Parkhurst treasure is safe, and you will never be able to put your hand on a dollar of it."

It would be hard to realize Richard Clarke's surprise at that instant. He felt that he had played his game and lost utterly.

"I suppose there is no use of my staying here longer," he said, as steadily as he could, starting for the door.

"You can't go just yet!" cried Jerry and caught him by the arm.

"What do you want, boy? Let me go."

"I sha'n't do it. I've got a score to settle with you, and don't you forget it."

"A score to settle. What do you mean?"

"I mean to tell you that you are found out, Mr. Richard Clarke, or whatever your real name is. Father, will you come in?"

Again the door to the other room opened, and Mr. Maurice Robertson walked in and faced the lawyer.

At the unexpected appearance of the merchant the lawyer's face grew deathly white, and he staggered as if about to fall.

"So you remember me, do you, Jason Gilroy?"

"I—I—my name is not Gilroy," gasped the other, but he could scarcely frame the words.

"It is, and it is useless for you to deny it. You are Jason Gilroy, the man who plotted with the Starfields to rob me of my son, my baby boy Jerry, who stands beside me, my son."

"Jerry—this boy is your son?"

"He is."

It was the last blow, and for a moment the lawyer was bereft of speech. Then he realized what this revelation meant to him—perhaps imprisonment for many years—and turned to leave the house. But again Jerry was too quick for him and sent him sprawling on the doorstep. Henry Davenport also rushed in, and soon the lawyer was a prisoner.

"And served him good and right!" came from Mehitable, who had been listening to all that was said.

"Just to think what a smooth talker he was!" And then she added to herself: "And to think I might have married him if he had popped the question! After this I won't marry nobody!" And she never did get married.

A few words more, and we will draw our tale to a conclusion.

Much against his will, the rascally lawyer was made a close prisoner and taken to New York. Here Mrs. Starfield and Mr. Robertson testified against him, and he was sentenced to ten years in prison at hard labor.

When Joseph Parkhurst read the letter left by his father, and especially that portion which spoke of keeping the family honor intact, he was heartily ashamed of the manner in which he had treated Mabel, and he told his daughter

"Never mind, father," said the girl, "Remember our troubles are all over now."

A little later Mabel was married to Henry Davenport, and for her wedding portion the girl received one half of the treasure that had been found. The happy husband insisted on paying Jerry the five hundred dollars that had been promised, and to this Mr. Parkhurst added another five hundred out of his own purse. The wedding was a grand affair and all of our friends including Mehitable, were present.

Shortly after this wedding Mr. Parkhurst went back to New York to live. He repurchased his old home, and at his death left the property to Mabel and her husband, who used to spend part of their time in the country and the balance in the city. Mabel and Henry Davenport were very happy, and Mehitable lived with them until the day of her death.

It may interest some to learn what became of Indian John. The money taken from the lawyer caused the red man to leave that locality entirely, and he moved up to Lake Erie. During the following winter he went out in the woods during a howling snowstorm and some weeks later was found at the foot of a big tree, frozen to death.

Jerry returned to New York with his newly-found father, and after the general excitement was over the boy was sent to school, that he might receive a thorough education. When his school days were over Henry Maxwell took him in, and a few years later Jerry, through his father, was enabled to buy a half interest in the concern. He worked hard and was highly successful; and here we will leave him.

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"The latest Paris 'Revue,' and your favorite chocolate."

"Thank you heartily, for both. I wonder if I ever shall cease to be a spoiled child—in your eyes?"

"Whatever you may be in my eyes, you certainly will always remain."

"How discouraging, that you should feel quite hopeless of any improvement in me. Driver, I wish to stop in West Fourteenth Street, at—. Gloves, Mr. Noel, always gloves."

"Will you bet a pair of best driving gauntlets that I cannot tell you exactly why you go there today?"

"Certainly; silk-lined, fur-tipped gauntlets. I told you my errand was gloves; pray what other reason?"

"You are going to get a glimpse of 'Juno'."

"Juno? Nearly everything comes to New York, sooner or later, but really I never imagined she could step out from the books of mythology. I hunt no goddess. When you pay your wager, be sure to select delicate fawn color, that will match my spring jacket."

"The debt is yours. Confess, Eglah—honor bright—you are curious about the woman who sells gloves in Fourteenth Street."

"I will present to you a witch's skirt, cap, and broomstick. But why 'Juno'?"

The matter was thrashed out at the club last week, where Vandiver told us some artist had compared her to a print of the Ludovisi Juno hanging in Goupil's window. Hence her elevation to Olympus."

"Then you know all about her?"

"On the contrary, I never saw her; but she seems to be the magnet drawing people to just now."

The carriage stopped and Eglah walked into the department store.

"Come in, Mr. Noel, and pick out your gauntlets."

"Not today. Juno indulged in tricks that made even Jupiter keep one eye on her wiles, and I shall merely admire at a safe distance."

In front of the glove counter half a dozen women clustered, and on the outside of the group three men lounged—one evidently a foreigner, with bushy beard, coarse, hairy hands, and furtive eyes, small even behind very large spectacles. Among several busy saleswomen it was easy to discover the center of attraction—a finely developed form, tall and graceful in every movement, and a face of surpassing beauty, lighted by dark violet eyes, flushed with the glow of perfect health, and crowned by a braided mass of glittering yellow hair heaped high on a shapely head, that held it as an empress wears her tiara. In its vivid coloring the face suggested a tropical flower, but, looking closer, one thought of a frozen tulip under a sheet of ice, so hard was the cold gleam of the defiant eyes and the proud compression of red lips that had forgotten how to smile, that seemed never to have known curves of tenderness. While Eglah

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

bind on the eye. Touch the edges of eyelids with red vaseline, this will cause the lashes to grow.

Rose Bush.—For falling hair and to increase growth use Resorcin tonic. See formulas given to "Black Eyes" in another column. Rub a little white vaseline into your finger nails every night. This will make them less liable to crack. There is no way of reducing large knuckles, but a nightly massage with olive oil will fill out the loose skin and make your hands plump and white. Fluff a little powder over them in the morning.

S. M. P., Salida, O.—For care of the hair read my reply to "Cousin May" and "Black Eyes." Massage your hands nightly with olive oil or cocoa-butter.

W. H., Muskegon.—For eczema of the scalp, you should consult some good scalp specialist. Remember that frequent shampooing keeps the scalp clean and sweet will greatly lessen any irritation; also that the scalp is affected by the state of your general health. Eat sensible plain food, drink plenty of water. Take a tepid sponge bath every day. A little salt in the water will stimulate the circulation and prove of benefit. See reply to "Honor Bright" about drinking milk. Anoint your eyebrows with castor-oil following your eyebrow line. Touch the eyelid edge with red vaseline. Draw your hair loosely over side hair pads, parting in middle, and coiling your back hair just above the nape of the neck. See reply to "Peggy" about fluffy hair, and go and do likewise. Good luck to me.

Ida, M. P.—For advice about hair read my reply to "Cousin May" and "Peggy." See my reply to "A. C." regarding dieting for superfluous flesh. While undergoing the treatment take cold baths every morning, which will keep your skin firm and hard. For wrinkles massage with a good skin food for fifteen minutes each day. Read reply to "L. B." on this subject. I would leave the scar alone. Under the circumstances you mention it might be dangerous to interfere, and it would require an exceptionally expert operator. I do not think the work of removing scars by electricity is very successful.

Maggie Q.—A rubber complexion brush is a good thing to use. As regards the skin food you mention I have never used it, so cannot tell whether it is injurious or not.

R. H. L., Batavia, Ohio.—Take an ordinary sized glass or cup. Either hard or soft water would be all right. I should prefer hard water myself for drinking purposes.

Andra.—You should take your hot water without sweetening or flavoring. You probably take it tepid, which nauseates you. Drink it quite hot and I think you will have no trouble.

Frances L. L.—Take my hot water recipe for several months.

M. J. H.—Great pressure on the joint of the large toe frequently results in a bunion. The joint should be relieved of all pressure. Wear a loose slipper until inflammation has subsided. Use following lotion—carbolic acid, tincture of iodine and glycerine, two drams of each. Apply with camel's-hair brush every day. Lemon juice will remove brown spots from the skin.

Mayflower.—I'm sorry, but there is no remedy. But remember there are much worse things in this world of ours.

F. D.—I do not know the preparation you refer to. The juice of one lemon mixed with one half ounce of pure honey is good for bleaching the face.

M. H., Center, Ind. Ter.—Make skin food as follows: Melt white wax, lanoline, sweet almond oil and cocoa-butter in a porcelain kettle. Take from the fire and add orange flower water. Beat with an egg-beater until cold. To make cold cream shave one fourth ounce white wax, two and one half ounces spermaceti and melt in porcelain kettle. Add two and one half ounces oil sweet almonds, and slightly heat but do not boil. Remove from stove and add one and one half ounce of rose water and one drop of attar of rose. I have changed your formula slightly.

Mrs. T. J. W.—A simple remedy for warts is as follows: Have your druggist put up a dram of salicylic acid and an ounce of collodion in a bottle which has a wire brush run through the cork. Apply mixture to warts twice a day and they will disappear.

Gusta.—If you want to become possessed of a good milk! You can gain from two to six pounds of flesh a week on a milk diet, and it is good firm healthy flesh, too. I have lived on milk for four years and I know whereof I speak. Take four or five quarts of milk each day, eat only one meal and have that composed of plain simple food. Drink your milk slowly, allowing it to become salivated before swallowing. You will find it a wonderful bust developer. Milk makes good pure blood and plenty of it, and rests your stomach and gives you abounding health. Take a glass every half hour during the day until two hours before supper, then stop. It is impossible to drink the milk during the day take a breakfast and lunch of several quarts of milk. Yes, omit your glass of hot water at noon. If you take the milk diet discontinue your hot water for a while.

Mearie.—You say massage does not help you. Are you sure you do it correctly? Massage upward with a little circular movement using a good skin food. Cultivate happy thoughts. Perhaps you have some trouble with your eyes. That often causes a drawn expression to the face.

Sunflower, Brison, Ind. Ter.—For your height you are too thin. See my letter to Gusta and you will not need to pad. No, I do not disapprove of padding, when one is very thin. I do not disapprove of anything that improves your appearance, so long as it does not injure the health.

Eagerness and Lois L.—Massage your arms with olive oil every night.

A Friend.—Regarding hot water see reply to "Audra." Touch eyelid edge with red vaseline. Massage will plumpen out your cheeks again. Use upward movement and remember that light massage plumpens the face and heavy massage reduces the flesh. Hot water ought to give you rosy lips in time. Peroxide of hydrogen will bleach yellow teeth and whiten them. It is also a good Antiseptic mouth wash. A good and simple formula for tooth powder is made up of equal parts of precipitated chalk and powdered Orris root. Add any favoring essence that you desire.

F. A. Dunbar.—Take the milk diet. See reply to "Gusta" in these pages. To whiten hands and arms use the following lotion: Two ounces bay rum, two ounces lemon juice, two ounces glycerine. Mix and apply while hands are wet after bathing and shake them dry.

Kate A., Chipley, Ga.—See replies to "Gusta" and "Black Eyes" regarding hair and form. Try tonic mentioned, as it is what you need. The wrinkles will disappear when you are plumper. A good freckle lotion that is very effective is as follows: One dram of borax, one half fluid ounce of diluted ascorbic acid, one half fluid ounce of rose water. Put on the face several times a day with a soft little sponge.

Anxious.—You could dye your hair, but I do not advise it. Red hair is beautiful and all the rage now. Massaging your face with a good skin food will cause it to plumpen and round out. For freckle lotion see reply to "Kate A." Nothing can be done to change the shape of your eyes.

Comfort Praiser.—See my article on Complexion in last month's COMFORT. If not indulged in too vigorously roller-skating is a good exercise. Most girls are troubled with slight eruptions of the skin every month.

Honey.—Massage your face with a good skin food, use upward movement and be sure and massage lightly. The muscles of the cheek are very apt to sag and thus causes the face to appear thin. Dash cold water over your face several times a day, as that keeps the flesh firm.

Miss L. B.—See replies to "Gusta" and "Honor Bright." The milk diet is recommended by all first-class doctors for kidney trouble. Any female irregularities should be attended to at once, as nothing will wear you out more than that. I know you will be pleased if you take the milk diet. You might also massage the bust with olive oil or cocoa-butter, say fifteen minutes each day.

Sue.—The only way to darken your hair would be to dye it, and I could not advise that. Dissolve a little soap in the water when you bathe your face. This will help counteract the "oiliness" you speak of. You can also wipe your face off once or twice a day with diluted alcohol.

Della S.—Have your mother massage her face every day with a good skin food, massaging across the wrinkles.

M. F. J.—For freckle lotion see reply to "Kate A." Anoint your eyebrows with castor-oil every night, being careful to follow the eyebrow line.

Arrah Wanna.—See reply to "M. E. J." on eyebrows, but this will only increase the growth, not change the color. To secure long eyelashes touch the eyelid edge with red vaseline. Moles can be removed by the electric needle if they are common brown moles, but even then it is rather dangerous.

Lassie.—Wear the gold ring on one hand and the silver ring on the other. Yes, the lemon juice should be left on all night.

G. E. M.—See reply to "Arrah Wanna" on eyelashes. Read replies to "Kate A." and "Cousin May" regarding method of reducing waist and removing freckles. See

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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my article in last month's number of COMFORT on the care of the complexion.

Alva W.—You can use each Beauty Bag twice. For eyelashes see reply to "M. E. J." Here is a prescription for a powder which will prevent excessive perspiration under the arms: Oatmeal of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third of a dram. Dust this over affected parts.

Lillian.—See letter to "Arrah Wanna." If you must darken your lashes, buy an eyebrow pencil (black).

Wanda.—Use Beauty Bags for your sensitive skin. Try gentle massage with good skin food. Dash cold water in the face, as that hardens the skin and makes it less sensitive.

Y. O. O.—For brown spots, apply juice of lemon each night. Drink lots of hot water and use my Beauty Bags.

I. M. A.—Keep your hair clean and sweet and massage scalp with finger tips each night until scalp is pink and glowing. Read my reply to "Peggy." To keep the hands soft and white, massage with olive oil each night. This will also plumpen the hands. Keep the nails clean and the scarf skin pushed away so that the nail moon shows. To make your nails pink and bright rub in a skin food every night. This will keep your nails from cracking. Do not use the curling tong on your hair. Later on, COMFORT will publish an article from me on the Care of the Hair.

Miss Amanda.—Make up your mind you won't be round-shouldered. Keep reminding yourself to keep your shoulders straight and it will soon become a habit. No, stoop shoulders are not caused by catarrh. See my article on the care of the skin.

C. A. S.—Dissolve a little powdered borax in water when bathing your face. This is very cleansing. Steam your face once a week over a teakettle filled with boiling water, throwing a towel over your face to keep in the steam. Then wash the face with water having a pinch of borax in it, rinse, dry and massage with good cream, then close the pores by dashing cold water on the face. See reply to "Kate A." on freckles and reply to "Blue Bell" on freckles.

Pretty Molly.—Clean your nails with a rosewood stick with a sharpened point. First though, soak your hands in a basin of hot water (soapy), and scrub hands and nails vigorously with a nail brush. For freckle remover see reply to "Kate A." You can fill out your neck by massaging it with olive oil each night.

Red Roses.—Try the milk diet, girls, and you will have red cheeks and lips. Read my letter to "Gusta" in this column. You should use the hot water remedy for three or four months. A very pretty dimple can be made permanent without inuring the skin in any way by mixing some gum arabic in water. Use very little water so that the gum is thick and then apply a spot to the cheek or chin. When the gum begins to dry press it gently with the stub end of a lead pencil and hold in that position for five minutes, then remove the pencil and the indentation will remain. Powder lightly and the dimple will look very bewitching.

M. E. S.—See replies to "Lois L." and "Kate A." in this column. The following formula is good for tan remover and skin toner: Oil of sweet almonds, two ounces; fresh cucumber juice, ten ounces; white Castile soap, one fourth ounce; essence of cucumbers, three ounces; tincture of benzoin, thirty-eight drops. See reply to "Gusta" on milk diet. This will give you a clear, healthy, glowing skin.

Pretty Pansy.—See reply to "Lois L." and rub white vaseline on your elbows every night, having previously vaseline your elbows thoroughly with soap and water and a nail brush. Read letter to "Gusta," which will tell you how to secure a pretty rounded figure and a wild-rose complexion.

Hermie.—See reply to "Black Eyes" regarding hair. A red shining nose is certainly not an adornment. See reply to "Peggy" and apply this ointment: One dram of powdered sulphur; two and one half drams of powdered starch; one and one half ounces of ointment of zinc oxide; three drops of oil of rose.

E. D. L.—For good face cream formula, see reply to "M. H." Read directions for reducing waist line and abdomen given "Ugly Girl." Come again, girls.

E. H. F.—Massage your face with good skin food and dash cold water on it several times a day. Apply alcohol after bathing your face, as alcohol tends to toughen the skin and enable it to resist the attacks of sun, cold and wind.

Little Sweetheart.—Use my Beauty Bags on your face instead of soap. For yellow, discolored neck use the following simple remedy: One ounce honey; one teaspoonful orange juice; six drops of oil of bitter almonds, the whites of two eggs and enough fine cornmeal to make a smooth paste. Apply at night, covering with a piece of soft linen. Three or four applications will bleach the skin beautifully white. Write me every month and ask as many questions as you want, my dear.

Ollie B.—My Beauty Bags will cause your face to be less "greasy," but you should also dissolve a little borax in tepid water and bathe your nose twice a day. Wiping it with diluted alcohol once a day will also help. Keep your nose well powdered.

J. E. H.—Your flushed face may be caused by too rich foods or tight clothes. Be careful to avoid pies, gravies, sausages, rich puddings, etc. Take the juice of one lemon in a cup of cool water one hour before breakfast. Try my hot water recipe and plenty of outdoor exercise.

Miss T. H., Treewant, Tenn.—No, it is essential that the water should be hot. Eight glasses of hot water every

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The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

day is what I prescribe. Have it quite hot and drink slowly. It should not cramp you. See reply to "Arrah Wanna" on eyelashes.

L. M. S., Mo.—Hot water is very good for cases of stomach trouble. See reply to "Arrah Wanna" on eyelashes. Formula was given "Black Eyes" in another column. A heaping teaspoonful of powdered borax dissolved in your rinsing water when washing your hair will lighten it slightly. Drying in the sun will also keep it bright and light.

S. A.—See reply to "Little Sweetheart" regarding yellow neck. I would not advise alcohol.

D. R. H.—Try massage with good skin food; also use the bleach given "Little Sweetheart" for your face. If you persist with the hot water you will find this uncomfortable feeling will pass away. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables and take long walks. Use my Beauty Bags regularly.

U. F.—Use lotion given "M. E. S." The Beauty Bags are very whitening also both for arms and face. Use a cold water on your face frequently and when bathing your face, dissolve a little powdered borax in the water. Of course you can have whiter hands. Massage hands with olive oil and cocoa-butter every night and you will soon note improvement.

Mrs. J. W. F.—Use Beauty Bags and try massaging your face with good skin food. See reply to "E. H. P." Use a liquid powder which does not easily blow off. Formula as follows: Zinc oxide one half ounce; glycerine, two ounces; rosewater, two ounces. Shake bottle and apply with sponge. I do not recommend liquid powders.

Mrs. Minnie W.—See reply to "O. A. J." Rub skin food into your nails each night—this will keep them from cracking. Rubbing carbolized vaseline on the skin surrounding the nail will toughen the skin. Take a rosewood finger-stick and push the scar skin away from the half moon on your finger nail. Brush your eyebrows every day. This will flatten the obstreperous hairs.

The Lone Dancer.—I think the soap you mention is less harmful than many others, but should advise your using Beauty Bag for your face instead. For sunburn remover see reply to "Brown Eyes," Harold, Neb. Take hot water recipe. That will give you rosy cheeks.

P. S.—Massage your face with skin food, then dash cold water on your face, and powder before going out in cold weather.

Topsy.—Use Beauty Bags instead of soap. Your blood is certainly all wrong and I should advise you taking the milk diet. See directions given "Gusta." Hot water is also good for purifying the system. Massage your face gently every night with skin food. This will lessen the irritation. A little powdered borax in your water when bathing the face will keep your pores clean, which is important.

Jolly Telle.—See reply to "Susie" and use bleach given "Little Sweetheart." Spread this preparation on the face and let it remain all night.

Florence M.—If you persist in taking hot water, the uncomfortable feeling will soon pass away. Hot water is more cleansing than cold. Do not use sweetening.

T. H., Georgetown, Texas.—You should go to some good doctor and find out what causes your headaches. Headaches usually are caused by nerves, astigmatism of the eye, stomach and liver trouble, etc. Your general health also probably needs toning up. See reply to "Gusta." Use Resorcin tonic (formula given to "Black Eyes" in another column). Every night to increase hair growth, massage the scalp with common vaseline until the scalp is pink and glowing. Results, I know, will be satisfactory.

Bessie S.—Vigorous massage with salt water would reduce the bust slightly.

D. O. N. T.—See reply to "Ugly Girl;" this exercise will reduce hips, waist and abdomen.

Cora D.—See letter to "A. H. O." If you are busy all the time, you don't need to take the walk advised. Hot baths reduce flesh rapidly.

Gray-haired Widow.—You should cut down on rich foods. Eat very sparingly. Hot water is very good for cases of stomach trouble. Try exercise given "Ugly Girl." This should be practiced fifteen minutes each day. Massage your face with skin food. This will fill out the hollows.

Wilhelmina.—A good lotion for moth patches consists of one half dram of salicylic acid to two ounces of bay rum. Mop on spots night and morning. You could also use colorless iodine. Be very careful about making these applications. Picture was not inclosed.

Violet.—The puffiness was caused by heat succeeding cold. I do not think this has anything to do with your brown spots appearing. See reply to "Sundowner-seed" and "Catherine."

Brown Eyes, Wakan, Iowa.—It could be removed by electricity. I cannot advise you unless you explain more fully. Is it a liver spot, or a patch, or a mole?

M. D. W.—See letter to "Wilhelmina." No, my Beauty Bag will not remove patches. Hot water will get the stomach in good condition, cleanse the skin, and purify the blood.

Iowa Beauty.—See letter to "G. A. J." Soak your feet in hot water before going to bed, this induces sleep. Never go to bed hungry. A glass of milk and a cracker gives the stomach something to do, the object being to draw the blood away from the brain.

Gray-eyed Rattle.—You need the milk diet and I hope you will take it right. See letter to "Gusta." If you do not do this keep up the hot water, read my article on complexion, use my Beauty Bag, and apply bleach (formula given "Little Sweetheart" in this column) to the face. Massage your face with skin food. Write and tell me if the spots are moles, patches, or liver spots? Stop using the remedy you mention. Have you freckles?

H. D.—You may have some female trouble. Consult a doctor about morning nervousness and pain in the head. I think my hot water recipe would help you, as your stomach is certainly out of order. Write more fully.

Kansas Girl.—White spots are probably caused by indigestion. Take the hot water recipe and be careful about your food.

A. G., Seymour, Iowa—See reply to "Ugly Girl." You will be longer waisted, when your waist becomes slighter. You should also take the hot water and slim down at the same time. An inch-in is given a low-weighted appearance. Head directions for increasing weight given "Gusta." I recommended a good bleach to "Little Sweetheart." Apply to face and let stay on all night. Whiten hands by applying lemon juice. Recipe for cold cream was given to "M. H." in another column. Massage your face with this cream or some other good cream every day. Good moth patch lotion was given "Wilhelmina."

Success to you.
Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Publishers of COMFORT knowing it will be difficult for its readers to readily obtain all of the ingredients given "M. H." in these columns for making this cold cream, a superior cold cream has been prepared for them by expert chemists with the express purpose of this being sold to the members of the Pretty Girls' Club, to use as a face cream. This is excellent for all purposes that any Gold or Face Cream can be used for, and the Publishers of COMFORT will send any reader of this column a nice jar of this cream free for getting a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have taken this paper for some years, and great comfort in reading it. For the last five years, I have been trying to find a certain book, but I do not know the author's name nor the exact title, but it is something like "Aspen-will," or "Aspenwold." It is the autobiography of a young man and the first chapter is descriptive of a southern home.

Black "Mammy" stands on tiptoe looking down the road with her eyes closed, to see if she sees her master. She says, "No, I don't see nuffin of him," and turns and enters the house. I read the book when a young girl and thought perhaps some of the elderly sisters might know of a copy. I should be delighted

to secure one. Address all letters to
Mrs. M. A. YORKE, 468 N. Kenilworth Ave.,
Oak Park, Cook Co., Illinois.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I notice many of the readers admit that COMFORT is one of the most interesting and helpful papers published, and I heartily agree with them. Having been a silent reader for some time and not seeing a word from our little city, I thought I would join in the merry throng and D. M. Ryder in helping others. If this world be numbered with the rest, I agree with Mrs. had more sunbeams and less crabapples all light. The Bible says "Love your enemies." How many of us are doing that?

I have been married two years and God has blessed me with a good husband and dear little baby girl now three months old.

I am a great lover of flowers and do some fancy work. I have just finished a shirt-waist in shadow embroidery and will gladly send the design to anyone desiring it.

Mrs. E. L. Bozel, 420 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow me space to thank the Comfort sisters for the wen remedy? I received so many letters I could not possibly reply to them all, unless I had been a rich man's wife. The wen has been removed, thanks to one of the remedies received through COMFORT. It was of four years' growth and it required time, patience, and a great deal of physical pain, as I used the salt and yolk of egg remedy prescribed by many.

Mrs. Lealand Harris and others who promised to write failed to do so. What was the reason? Will all who wrote me accept this as a personal letter? I could not use all the many different remedies sent me, though I believe they were all equally good.

Mrs. JNO. H. NICHOLSON, Wakulla, Fla.

Requests from Shut-ins

We reluctantly make a change in this department this month because we are practically forced to do so on account of the flood of requests and letters which pour in from sufferers all over this country.

Although we have always condensed and made each appeal as concise as possible, a number unavoidably have been crowded out of this corner from month to month, thus causing dissatisfaction and a trial of patience for all concerned.

Until all the requests received to date, have appeared, we will simply give the name and address of each invalid, and ask each one personally to remember them in any way possible. Letters, books, little souvenir and remembrances, I

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." —Bishop Middleton.

I am glad to have met you. And you may say that you are very glad to have met him, or her.

Troubled Girl, Glendale, Ore.—Tell the man you don't want his good opinion. Tell him also that it was your duty to tell his sweetheart about his making love to you and trying to put his arm around you. If more women and girls did as you have done with this man there would be decent men around and the entire atmosphere would clear up after the storm. As long as men know they can expect immunity from women so long will they transgress. You are all right.

L. M., Clarion, N.Y.—If his wife does not object he and his old sweetheart may exchange postcards.

Timmie, Akron, Ia.—You may wear any sort of a ring you please on the third finger of your left hand.

Indian Girl, Sapulpa, I. T.—Always thank anyone who extends to you any sort of courtesy. People should do that instinctively and not by rule.

W. F. E. M., Durango, Ia.—You are right, love does mean marriage, but many young men tell girls they love them, when the marriage idea is about the last to enter their minds. Don't be fooled by such talk. If a man really loves you and tells you so, he will ask you to marry him.

Subscriber, Centerville, Ia.—Wait until he shows that he wants to go with you. Be nice to him, but don't be too anxious. (2) Ask the young man what he meant by holding your hand so long.

F. F., Black Betsy, W. Va.—You can't change your hair from brown to black except by the use of dyes which are much worse than brown hair.

Troubled Girl, Moundsville, Wis.—Summer shirtwaists don't look well worn in winter, no matter what you have under them to make them warm. However, if others in Moundsville wear them, you may. (2) It is all right to kiss your fiance before strangers. Let them talk. What do you care?

Perplexed Matron, Tilden, Idaho.—Wear your skirts to your shoetops. Black is too somber for a girl of fifteen. Wear something young and bright.

E. H., Rutledge, Tenn.—Teaspoonful of phosphate soda in glass of water to clear the complexion. Let it dissolve in the water and drink it. It is not for external application.

Black Eyes, Farina, Ill.—Obey your father, no matter if the young man does act like a gentleman when in your presence.

Laura, Rochester, N.Y.—Wedding announcements do not call for presents. Neither do invitations unless you want to give them. (2) In signing your name to a letter or other paper which is to come before any person or persons to whom you are unknown, always prefix it with (Miss). When you marry, if you sign your married name not having your husband's initials prefix (Mrs.).

Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

finest oysters that ever went into the New York market."

"Why didn't you tell me on't?"

"I'm not going to pour them into your rum bottle."

"I won't drink no more, Charlie."

"I have heard you say that before."

"Sartin true this time."

"Will you go with me or not?" demanded the boy, impatiently.

"She'll kill me, if I do."

"I won't come back again, if you don't go," added Charlie.

"I wish I dared to go," said Job, as he glanced at the door where his persecutor stood. "Come on board the boat, if you don't go any farther."

Job followed him down to the creek.

"Job!" screamed his wife.

"I'm only going to the boat. I'll come right back," answered the wretched husband.

The creek was but a short distance from the house. They embarked in the tender, and Charlie pulled down the stream to a point near the mouth of it, where Job's boat, which he loved better than his wife, was moored.

Like her, it's na' was Betsy Ann, for the owner had christened it before his family relations had become so unpleasant. It was a schooner of some twenty tons, and though she had seen many years of hard service, she still looked very well, and was noted as a stiff and weatherly craft. She had a considerable cabin, where her owner was always happier than in his own house.

Charlie hoisted the mainsail, and then run up the jib in spite of Job's protest. Dropping the moorings, he took the helm, and the Betsy Ann stood off from the shore.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for new subscription or renewal for 14 months and continue the uninterrupted reading of one of the strongest serials ever given to our readers. The next chapter, "A Waif from the Ocean," gives a glimpse of Charlie Seagrave's early life.

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LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY and \$2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diplomas with degree. Particulars Free. Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.

Here's a Happy Family.

In every home there comes a time when all means of entertainment have fled. Every way to bring joy and cheerfulness has been exhausted. At those times father and mother begin to wonder what can be done to keep the boys and girls at home. It is a serious problem, but it must be met in every household. Young folks need something more than the things which have kept the older ones entertained.

There is no father nor mother who does not want to keep the children at home, entertain them at home, take away the dullness and make them feel at home. I don't believe you could find better entertainment for the home and for your children than that which is pictured here. Surely there is no lack of joy with such scenes occurring nightly.



This man has provided an Edison Phonograph with Edison Gold Moulded records for his family. Tonight they are enjoying a minstrel show. If father, mother, baby and son did not know that the music came from an Edison Phonograph they would be willing to SWEAR that the singers were in the same room with them.

Tonight night they will have a band concert interspersed with beautiful operatic songs. The next night they will hear the beautiful chimes of Trinity just as they have been heard by thousands of tourists swayed by their sublime beauty. They will hear also the wonderful violin solo with harp accompaniment and a Wagnerian piano recital. Where is there chance for any misery to creep into this home?

Music has a strange and fascinating power. It moves the human race to great and dignified movements. Why is it that in the time of battle, the regimental bands strike up the liveliest and the dearest airs? It is to fire the soldiers with an enthusiasm that even the bravest could not feel if it were not for the stirring music. Do you remember what the American band played at El Caney? A "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and with a cheer the American troops swarmed over the hill sweeping the Spaniards before them. Who can deny the charm there is in music? You may hear great military bands in YOUR HOME. An Edison Phonograph will bring them there. You may have a free trial no matter where you live.

On the back page you will find a detailed account of the wonderful Edison Phonograph. You can make no mistake if you buy this instrument.

SICK WOMEN CURED

out pain or discomfort of all female diseases, piles, etc., by the use of our wonderful vegetable remedy. To prove it we send FREE TRIAL TREATMENT to all who write.

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Laundry stoves at \$2.75. Gasoline cook stoves at \$3.00 up. Wickless blue flame oil cook stoves at \$2.75 up and a full and complete assortment of ovens, radiators, hot air registers, stove pipe and stove goods of all kinds at correspondingly low prices. We guarantee our stoves fully. They act perfectly in operation, cook and bake perfectly, will not crack or warp under greatest heat pressure; and our hunters produce more heat with less fuel and distribute heat where needed better than any other stove made. Regardless of material, size, weight, shape, color, or finish.

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Cents each, we will send you **ten sets** of the three novels named above a set for you to deliver to each subscriber, and we will send you absolutely free and post-paid, by return mail, **THE \$500. CHECK**. The \$500. Check is a fine large book of 339 pages, bound in fine cloth, the cover handsomely printed in two color inks. It is one of the most interesting stories you ever read. It will be easy for you to earn it. Better try to-day. Address

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by the world's greatest Astrologer. Past present and future revealed. Send me your name and address, the date of your birth, your sex, if married or single, and enclose a 2c. stamp for postage and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death. I have made others happy and believe I can help you. PROF. LEE, Dept. F, Natick, Mass.

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Write to-day for our big free Shoe Catalog which describes, illustrates and price lists mammoth one-half million-dollar stocks of fine-made Shoes of all kinds, for all ages and for all classes. Our shoes are the best, finest and most durable in the world. They comprise the cream of the shoe market; possess faultless style, perfect finish, fit as smoothly as a glove and are as easy to wear as a slipper; every pair made from the best leather by expert shoemakers.

We undersell everybody; no one can meet our prices. Wessel Ladies Shoes at 40c up; Ladies' Patent Leather Blucher Shoes \$1.05 up; Men's Patent Shoes 95c up; Youthful and Modern Shoes 90c up; Children's Shoes 40c up; Infants' Shoes 16c up; full line of Sportsman's and Athlete's Shoes; Rubber Footwear of all kinds. Order from this adv'd. agency, price and size and with shoe world to write for our catalog. All our beautiful lining low prices and exact terms and guarantee entirely at our risk, subject to Chapman's approval. Write to-day for free shoe catalog.

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Line in fall (over fifty types), tells all about the wonderful improved and perfect mechanism of these best of all machines, gives hundreds of recommendations from people using these unique sewing machines and explains convincingly

why our light running and needleless "Faultless" machines surpass any other machines, no matter what the name, make or price may be. For your own good, for economy's sake, when you buy write for our big free sewing machine catalog.

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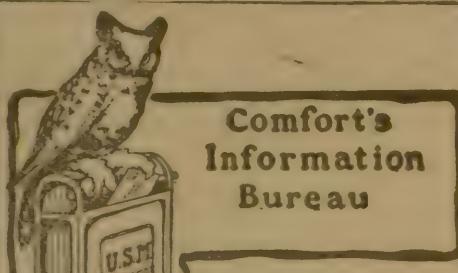
We want every sufferer from piles to send us his or her address at once. Return mail will bring, Free to Try, our complete new three-fold Absorption Cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prostrophe, Tumors, Constipation and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, we take your word and it costs you nothing; you decide after a thorough trial.



This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. We are anxious to have you test it and know for yourself that a safe, sure and permanent cure has at last been found for this painful disease. Act now and avoid needless delay and danger.

Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our valuable new Pile Book (in colors) comes free with the approval treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—but write today—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1056 Majestic Building, Jackson, Mich.

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD
C. Y. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.



Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

C. M. D., Easley, S. C.—Write to Mortimer, 26 East 24th St., or to Holcombe & Co., 18 East 28th St., New York City. If they do not handle, ask them to refer your letter to someone who does.

Mo. Boy, South West, Mo.—The best art schools are in the eastern cities, but as a beginning you might take a course from a correspondence school. That will at least give you a pretty good idea of what you will have to do before you can draw well enough to make a living at it. Your samples indicate that you have talent enough to improve it.

W. O. H., Calais, Mo.—There is not enough premium on half pennies to make it worth while unless you have a large number. Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

Soldier Boy, Macon, Tenn.—Apply for information concerning West Point to the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., or better, to your Congressman. You will have to improve considerably in your writing, unless you are a much better fighter than writer. However, you spell all right.

E. E. E., Chicago, Ill.—Take your coin to some of the dealers in your town and make inquiries where you can sell it if you like the price.

W. H., Muskegon, Mich.—You may get all particulars about all branches of the Civil Service by writing to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Miss A. L., Minier, Ill.—The person who writes essays and orations to order does not usually make his business known. There are writers, we suppose, who wrote essays and orations for other people, but we do not know them as we do not require their services.

A. M., Winsted, Conn.—As you do not state what kind of a lawyer, civil or criminal, you want, and our acquaintance is limited, we think it would be better for you to inquire of a lawyer in your own town for the address of some reliable man who is known to your informant. He will not charge you for the information.

Miss Scioto F. Jones, Lakeview, Lake Co., Ore., would like to hear from COMFORT readers who have had song words set to music about their experience and all particulars.

X. Y. Z., Westley, Cal.—As rule periodicals for children do not pay high prices for stories. You can only find out what they pay by selling a story. Write to Boys' World or Girls' Companion, Elgin, Ill.; Little Folks, Salem, Mass.; Golden Days, Philadelphia, Pa.; Little Chronicle, Chicago, Ill.; American Boy, Detroit, Mich. These are all secular, and will pay for stories that they accept. (2) Mrs. Southworth was born in Washington, D. C., in 1819 and died there in 1899. Her first novel was *Retribution*, published in 1849. (3) The Earl of Minto is Viceroy of India.

Old Sub, Abingdon, Va.—The business of mistletoe and holly for Christmas is too local for us to know about. Washington and Baltimore ought to be good markets, but some of the nearer and smaller towns would be better. You should know the business men in them better than we do.

Mrs. Bowers, 39 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., would like to hear from any COMFORT reader who has been cured of neuralgia, or had great relief from it. She wants to know all particulars. In our opinion there is no cure possible except in a hot, dry climate, and not sure then.

S. A. V., Huron, S. D.—We know of no old people's homes except those that charge for care, though we believe some of the states have such institutions. County infirmaries usually look after the indigent old.

Reader, New Orleans, La.—If you mean correspondence schools you will find them advertised in about every magazine you will pick up on a news stand.

M. H., Versailles, O.—The canal from West Troy, N. Y. to Whitehall is called the Champlain. (2) More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice rise like a fountain for me night and day."

Interested Inquirer, Fall River, Wis.—We get it from the publisher, and have nothing whatever to do with it in its original form. We use only matter of established reputation.

Subscriber, Globe, Ariz.—You had better borrow a cyclopedia and read up on the subject of rubber. We haven't space to go into details such as you ask for.

R. H., Oshkosh, Wis.—He is all right as far as we know. Write him again and if you do not hear from him, write to the mayor of the town, or the postmaster for information. Inclose postage for reply. We have had no complaint from others. Did you send the money in cash, or P. O. order, or note?

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

the soil, Gene. I can't bear the thought of your going away again."

"I shall not need to do that, mother. Do you remember Willoughby, Tom Willoughby I used to go to school with?"

"You mean the man who has just been sworn in as Attorney General?"

"Yes. We have kept up a desultory correspondence ever since I went West, and he has offered me charge of his extensive law practice in Grafton. It is only six miles away and I can go back and forth on the trolley. What do you think of the arrangement, mother?"

"I am delighted with anything that will keep you at home even a portion of the time," replied his mother smiling contentedly.

"It suits me perfectly," said Uncle John. "I never thought much of your ability as a farmer, Gene, and that's why I encouraged you to go in for the law. I'm very glad Theta and I are going to keep on running the farm. We are just natural born farmers."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Uncle John as a Philosopher." Send 15 cents for 16 months and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Apple Fool

Pare and core some apples, place in a jar with moist sugar sufficient to render them palatable, add a little cider. Set the jar in a saucepan over the fire and cook until the apples are quite soft, then mash through a colander. Serve with cream and sugar. MRS. RUBY PARKER.

Drop Biscuits

Three cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons lard. Salt to taste. Add milk enough to make a stiff batter and drop in gem pans.

Float

One quart of milk, yolks of four eggs, six tablespoonsfuls of sugar. Stir all together until it begins to thicken, then pour in whites of four eggs used. INDIA M. CATTERSON.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of them.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you a card. The Publishers simply ask that all cards from you be good and unusual. We will send a packet of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

The following are some of the most popular Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free per offer above.

Mike Peterson, Narcoossee, Fla. Martha Wagner, Box 28, Clayton Center, Ohio. Miss Ethel M. Stredwick, Hecker, N. Dak. Mr. Garrett Robinson, Narcoossee, Fla. N. H. Bull, Orlando, R. F. D. 1, W. Va. Mrs. Iva Dugger, Mendoza, R. F. D. 1, Texas. G. G. Breyer, Hortonville, R. F. D. 2, Wis. Mrs. Cora Holmes, Box 57, Rosburg, Oregon. Miss Mary Shafer, Box 58, Weston, R. F. D. 1, Ill. Miss Bessie M. Foster, Amsterdam, Va. Mrs. May Denton, Evansville, Indiana. Alma Rhine, Lake Fork, Ill. Miss Harriet L. Marche, 630 Linwood Ave., N. E., Cleveland, O. Belle Gormon, Manitowoc, R. F. D. 3, Ill. Maggie Denton, 910 3rd Ave., Evansville, Ind. Miss Bertha Atwater, 1612 Sedgewick St., Allegheny, Pa.

Mr. Peter Norton, Narcoossee, Fla. Martha Wagner, Box 28, Clayton Center, Ohio. Miss Ethel M. Stredwick, Hecker, N. Dak. Mr. Garrett Robinson, Narcoossee, Fla. N. H. Bull, Orlando, R. F. D. 1, W. Va. Mrs. Iva Dugger, Mendoza, R. F. D. 1, Texas. G. G. Breyer, Hortonville, R. F. D. 2, Wis. Mrs. Cora Holmes, Box 57, Rosburg, Oregon. Miss Mary Shafer, Box 58, Weston, R. F. D. 1, Ill. Miss Bessie M. Foster, Amsterdam, Va. Mrs. May Denton, Evansville, Indiana. Alma Rhine, Lake Fork, Ill. Miss Harriet L. Marche, 630 Linwood Ave., N. E., Cleveland, O. Belle Gormon, Manitowoc, R. F. D. 3, Ill. Maggie Denton, 910 3rd Ave., Evansville, Ind. Miss Bertha Atwater, 1612 Sedgewick St., Allegheny, Pa.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I take this method to sincerely thank all who so kindly remembered me (a locomotor ataxia shut-in), by sending letters, cards and various kinds of reading matter. May God's richest blessing ever abide with each and everyone of them; although financially poor and in my sixtieth year, I want to always be on COMFORT's subscription list.

Miss Nannie Depper, formerly of Winston, Salem, N. C., should read this, she will please accept my sincere thanks for the box of stationery that she so kindly sent me Christmas. I mailed her a letter of thanks, which she never received, as the letter was returned to me. Again thanking each and everyone concerned for their kindness to me, and hoping I may receive more letters in the near future, I am your old, crippled friend,

C. E. FRY, Box 21, Williamstown, R. F. D. 4, Kentucky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to join your interesting band. I am a shut-in and I want to tell you how much I ap-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

NEWEST SOCIETY FAD IN LETTER PAPER. Make your friends sit up and listen. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. OXFORD PRINTERY, 77 Hill St., Chicago. Agents wanted.

\$90 Per Month to collect names, advertise and distribute samples of our goods. Saunders Co., Dept. B, Fifth Ave., CHICAGO.

I TELL Your Fortune; send you Life Reading, also Photo of your Husband or Wife with True Luck Charm and Wedding Ring. All for 10 CTS. and your birthday. LOOK BOX 100, DEP. B, PALMISTRY, ILL.

SELL TOBACCO and CIGARS locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work—good pay—promotion. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box X55, Danville, Va.

Set of MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 25 Just introduce our tricks and send you a set of Trick Cards with full directions for only 25c. With these cards you can change coins to hats or nose red cards to black, spades to hearts or clubs, etc. just as you desire, and no one can detect it. DRAKE TRICK CO., Dept. 191, Harrison St., Chicago.

DRUG USERS Write for free trial treatment of our great HOME REMEDY for NERVOUSNESS, MORPHINE or any DRUG HABIT. Does not contain Opium or Morphine in any form and is guaranteed under the "Pure Food and Drugs Act." The COMSTOCK REMEDY CO. Suite 15, Lafayette, Ind.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE by the greatest Egyptian Astrologer and Mystic Adept. The greatest fortune teller in the world. Write to PROF. ESME BYAM, Dept. 65, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you how to do it in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 900, Detroit, Mich.

MORPHINE Free Trial Treatment Opium and all drug habits. Permanent Home Cure. Nervous and physical systems fully restored to their normal condition. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. St. Paul Association, Suite 832, 43 Van Buren Street, CHICAGO.

BED-WETTING CURED It is not a habit but a disease. Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE. Dr. F. E. May, Box 120, Bloomington, Ill.

FREE-COMIC POST CARDS FREE Your fortune told, future and past wonderfully revealed by the greatest philosopher, astrologist, clairvoyant. Send birth date and stamp now. Prof. Cresswell, Dept. X, Box 410, Aurora, Ill.

DOUBLE BARREL HAMMERLESS We will send ten Comic Post Cards Free to anyone sending us ten cents for a three months' trial subscription to HOME LIFE, the great family magazine. The Cards are printed in many colors, no two alike. Comic Post Cards are all the rage. These are the funniest you ever saw. We will return your money if you are not satisfied. Send 10 cents (silver or stamps) for ten Post Cards and Magazine. Two extra Art Subjects Free if you write today. Address Home Life Pub. Co., 436 Dearborn Av., Chiago.



18 SIZE \$7.47
95 \$13.85
DOUBBLE BARREL HAMMERLESS FOR \$8.95. We furnish this genuine Double Barrel Hammerless Breech Loading Shotgun, the exact same gun that has been sold elsewhere at \$25.00 to \$30.00.

13.85 BUYS THIS, THE CELEBRATED A. J. AUBREY HAMMERLESS DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN, guaranteed one of the highest grade guns made in America. Send us 50 cents deposit and we will send you one of these guns. Our own factory at Meriden, Connecticut, and guaranteed the safest, best bolted, handsomest, best proportioned and strongest shooting gun made in America. 12-gauge, very finest Armory steel barrels, reinforced at breech, taper choke bore for smokeless or black powder, extension rib, quadraple bolt and locking action, fore plate lock, top snap break, finest automatic safety, interchangeable locks, ribbed barrel, walnut stock, full checkered, full pistol grip, full receiver, fore end, etc. This gun is the equal of any jewelers' \$18 watches, and a far better and handsomer watch than you expected. Wear the watch 30 days, and if for any reason whatever you are dissatisfied send it back and we will instantly refund the balance, \$6.97, and express charges. Wear the watch today or SEND FOR OUR FREE SPECIAL JEWELRY CATALOGUE, illustrating and pricing thousand of watches at \$1.00 up, and various assortments of jewelry of all kinds and diamonds and optical goods at startlingly low prices. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street, CHICAGO.

SO IN ORDERING BE SURE TO STATE

MEN'S FINE SUIT \$4.95

To wide advertising our great tailoring shop and many fine clothing and low price famous, we will sell 12,000 men's suits of Fall and Winter weight NAVY BLUE WOOL CASSIMERE at each, and as a special premium and adv. we will give free with each suit at \$4.95 a pair of handsome, latest style, fine fancy strop worsted trousers.

The Suit—Graham's finest grade navy blue cassimere, a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful chameleon finish. It is easily made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, inseamed, elegantly finished and is guaranteed better than exclusive clothings \$8.00 to \$10.00 suits or no sale. Sizes 38 to 48 in. breast.

The Free Trousers which we give with the suit at \$4.95 are made of beautiful dark fancy striped worsted fabric of latest style, finely tailored and perfectly fitting. This is the most attractive and wonderful clothing offer ever made and we openly challenge any firm to equal it.

Send \$1.00 deposit, measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height of waist, and we will send the fine navy blue cassimere suit and extra pair of elegant, worsted trousers by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, \$3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing buy ever seen, we will refund your \$1.00 deposit, plus \$1.25 up; overcoats \$4.50 up, double-breasted, of duck and mink-lined, etc. Fur coats, mackintoshes, etc. They are elegant fabrics from World Famous Woolen Mills, critically assured to suit every taste and every age. Order the outfit or write for the sample book to day. Do it right now.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO

MEN'S RICH BLACK WOOL \$5.48 FRIEZE OVERCOAT

This elegant garment is cut and made in latest fall and winter style by expert overcoat makers of fine grade rich black wool frieze, a heavy fast color, material of firm fabric, very bearable, and is rain proof, water proof and will wear like buckskin. Made in well

single breasted fly front style, elegantly tailored throughout with broad hand padded shoulders, fine hand shaped black velvet collar, full body back, two large pockets, three deep outside and one inside pocket, lined with satin finish double warp, fancy, finely quilted black Italian lotus, hangs gracefully, fits perfectly, guaranteed better than quality style, from a high and at the same time exclusive clothier \$10 to \$12 overcoats, or no sale. Sizes from 34 to 50 chest, average length 48 ins. black only.

Send \$1.00 Deposit, chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, weight and height and we will send you this rich, black wool frieze overcoat by express subject to examination, you to pay the balance \$4.48 and express charges, and when sent after you examine and try on the overcoat and find it perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, overcoat bargain you have ever seen at \$10 to \$12 and as styles change, otherwise we will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the overcoat today or write for our big chest sample book of over 160 samples of elegant cloths for Overcoats from \$4.50 up, Ulsters \$6.00 up, Suits \$4.50 up, Trouser \$1.25 up, and enormous stocks of a s.e.p. lined **FUR COATS** at \$12.50 up, mackintosh clothing, leather clothing, etc. Everything at wholesale factory prices.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-151 West Madison Street Chicago

SURE - POP !!

No doubt about it. Don't miss it, well made and heavily plated. Every man in the land should have one. A perfect chance to really introduce our Ink Cartridges. Give this handsome present **Absolutely Free** to every one answering this advertisement, we also send it with a full box of Cartridges, all sent by mail, securely packed, ready for use. Enclose 10cts., silver or stamps, to help pay packing, mailing, etc. If you wish to take advantage of this princely offer, money must be sent at once as this ad. will not appear again. INVENTOR'S CO. 27 Third Ave., New York City, Dept. D.

WATCHES ON CREDIT

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR FREE CATALOG

It tells how we sell genuine Elgin and Waltham in Gold cases, and Solid Gold Jewelry everywhere for only

\$2 DOWN AND \$2 A MONTH

SPECIAL this Month, \$2.22 Watch \$1.88

Genuine Elgin or Waltham with 17 Ruby Jewels and fine 20 year guaranteed gold case. A 15 Jewel same case only \$14.

All goods sent prepaid on approval. No security or interest. Only safe way to buy a good watch, because you wear it while paying for it.

HARRIS GOAR CO. 1109 BRAND AVE. KANSAS CITY

Makes Fat Vanish

We have such marvelous records of reduction in hundreds of cases with the Kresslin treatment that we decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments. A reduction of 5 pounds a week guaranteed. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. Perfectly **handsome!** Easy and quick results. Don't take our word for this, we will prove it.

M. J. L. and W. B.—To claim money and to legally substantiate the claim are two different things; we do not think that, if the man you mention should properly defend any action his brothers or sisters should bring against him for the money his father paid him for taking care of him, they could collect anything from him but we see no way to prohibit their claiming they are entitled to some of it. In case they should bring an action against him for any of this money, he should defend the husband and wife.

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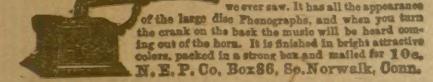
50 MUSIC LESSONS FREE

ON ORGAN OR PIANO.
We will send you a Parlor Grand Organ or a Concert Grand Piano on approval without any money in advance give you 50 weekly music lessons free, allow you one year's free trial and if you keep the instrument send you a 25-year, iron-clad and binding guarantee. Write today for our great **FREE SPECIAL ORGAN AND PIANO CATALOG** and read in full all about these wonderful musical instruments and descriptions of our beautiful organs at \$18.95 up, pianos at \$88.75 up, shown in their natural colors—oak, walnut or pine. **OUR PARLOR GRAND ORGANS AT \$18.95 UP.**

DOLLAR BOTTLE FREE ON TRIAL **MAKES STRONG MEN AND WOMEN**
We have the greatest little pills—take talking machine ever got. It's the stillest thing in the musical line we ever saw. It has all the appearance of the large size Phonographs, and when you turn the crank on the back of the bottle it has come out of the horn. It is finished in bright attractive colors, packed in a strong box and mailed for 10¢. N. E. P. Co., Box 86, So. Norwalk, Conn.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150 W. Madison Street CHICAGO

10 CTS.



PHONOGRAPH

We have the greatest little pills—take talking machine ever got. It's the stillest thing in the musical line we ever saw. It has all the appearance of the large size Phonographs, and when you turn the crank on the back of the bottle it has come out of the horn. It is finished in bright attractive colors, packed in a strong box and mailed for 10¢.

N. E. P. Co., Box 86, So. Norwalk, Conn.

Dollar Bottle FREE ON TRIAL **MAKES STRONG MEN AND WOMEN**

Just send name and address and we send you by mail \$1 bottle Dr. Rainey's great formula of Vitaline Tablets; pay nothing, not a cent accepted until you are satisfied, until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine, then send us a dollar, but remember, you alone are to be the judge.

Vitaline Tablets CURE Nervous Debility, Any Weakness, Weak Vitality, General Debility, Dyspepsia, All Stomach Troubles, Heart Weakness, Catarrh, Impure Blood, Paleness, Thin Run Down Health.

They act quickly, make you eat, add flesh, build you up, give you strength, vigor and vitality every day; they restore complete manhood and womanhood, after all tried remedies and doctors failed—let us prove it to you by sending testimonials from many grateful men and women who will write you of their wonderful cures by Vitaline Tablets.

You have never had anything like Vitaline Tablets—they are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act Serial No. 3871 to contain absolutely nothing poisonous or injurious to health and pleasant to take.

DR. RAINAY WRITES YOU AND ALL MAIL IS PLAIN AND SEALED.

Plainly write name and address below.

Dr. Rainay's Medicine Co., Dept. B10, Doctor Bldg., Chicago. Send at once \$1.00 bottle of Vitaline Tablets, without charge, absolutely free on trial, and if I get satisfactory benefits I will send you \$1.00.

Name _____

Address _____

Vitaline Tablets

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Sudden before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Coldness on Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have or suspect any above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of those do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 662, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

AN HONEST WATCH FREE

For an Honest Service FREE

We show you here one of the very best watches for time ever offered, no matter what the price asked. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one given away just as honest as that

and with any watch, no matter what the make. We are willing to give you this watch, if you will do us a slight service which can be accomplished in an hour.

We will send you our Oxien Porous Plaster for Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney pains, Pneumonia, and Colds, and will send Six 25c Plasters to any responsible person on credit. Send us for 25c each, or \$1.50 and for this honest business trade we send you all free a Guaranteed American Watch, perfect time

and fully warranted one year. Also good chain. You will also learn how to earn \$25.00 a week and receive hundred of dollars premiums. Don't miss this. Send postal or letter for valuable premiums. We send them at once. Address

OXIEN WATCH, Dept. C, Augusta, Maine.

Watch & Chain FREE.

and only a part of money collected, as on our first offer.

to tell your friends about them and to let them come and look them over and buy them. They come in large sizes and are very easy plans. We send you the twelve sets free, and if you want to sell quick, no risk to you. Order them today. When sold, sell quick.

Card Album F.R.E.E. is another plan you make a cash profit and also get extra money as we send you your choice: A nice American-made Watch, a fine Ruby, Emerald or Oval Stone Ring in Gold Setting warranted for years, or a Pair of 9 ft. Lace Cravats as a premium for your trouble. If you want all the money and cash on your second lot, you can have half of the money and keep the balance, for your part. Anyway you will find one lot of cards will not supply your friends, as they use so many they want them every day, so you can establish a regular Post Card Depot for us and make money right along selling Post Cards. Many women and girls send for second and third assignments and you should with them displaying them in the Post Card Album, sent you Free, and let the person select what they want in that way. A lot of extra cards for samples sent free, after you show us your first lot of Cards and are competent to manage a Branch Post Card Depot for us, either on sale or for commission on sales. Send for the first lot today, before others get the business.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the album.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very enticing for visitors who enjoy looking them over, so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Comforting Hints of All Sorts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

To wash silk handkerchiefs begin by soaping well and using cold water; then rinse and let dry. Boll a handful of bran in water, strain through a linen cloth, and then steep the handkerchiefs in it for some time; press and hang out to dry; iron while still damp.

To keep bread and butter fresh and moist, put it in a cool place cover closely with a cloth wrung out of cold water, and many hours after it will be as moist as when cut.

Nothing baked well will keep well unless it is thoroughly cooled before being put away.

Oilcloth or linoleum will look much brighter if two tablespoonfuls of paraffine oil be put in the water it is washed with. No soap is necessary with this.

To clean a kettle, fill up with potato parings and then boil fast until clean.

For washing varnished walls a little melted wax put in the water is a great improvement.

A dish or plate of water set in the oven when baking cake will prevent the edges scorching.

Use not soda water for washing anything that is greasy. The alkali turns the grease into soap which will do its own cleansing.

C. G. BROCKWAY.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Ever of Thee

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer,
Thou art the star that mildly beaming
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.

Still in my heart thy form I cherish,
Every kind that's like a bird flies to thee,
Ah! never till life and mem'ry perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.

CHORUS.

Morn, noon and night where'er I may be
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.
I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee when sad and lonely,
Wandering afar my soul joyed to dwell,
Ah! then I felt I loved thee only,
All seemed to fade before affection's spell.

Years have not chilled the love I cherish,
True as the stars has my heart been to thee,
Ah! never till life and mem'ry perish
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.

CHORUS.

Little Boy Blue

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And the musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise,"
So trodding off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamed of the pretty toys,

As he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little Boy Blue.

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ah, faithful to little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;

And they wonder, as waiting these long years
And through.

In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our little Boy Blue?

Since he kissed them and put them there.
—Eugene Field.

Just a little sunshine everywhere we go,
Over darkened pathways rays of blessings throw;

Golden rays of gladness from a loving heart
Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.

—Eugene Field.

THE NEW EXTERNAL PRIZE REMEDY.

WHAT OXEN POROUS PLASTERS WILL DO.

THEY will, if used as directed, kill bodily pain as if by magic.

They banish Backache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Pneumonia, Fever, Soreness, stiffness, Lameness, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Growing Pains in Children, Lumbago, "Stitch in the Back," Inflammation, and other bodily Aches and Pains.

Send us only 12 cents for a trial six months' subscription to our great firm and home paper of national interest and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just to interest you in our immense line of useful premiums. If you order early within five days, so to be sure and have these Bells to keep for Christmas, we will also include two beautiful Lithographic-Colored Christmas Card Post Cards. These cards are of exquisite and appropriate Christmas design with Christmas greetings printed on them, just right to keep for sending to a distant or near friend at Christmas-time. Inclose 12 cents for Bell and Cards today. Address THE NATIONAL FARMER, Box C, Augusta, Maine.

FREE TRIAL OFFER TO YOU.

Thousands in America have been cured by this Wonderful Remedy, and many European cures have already been made. Write at once—today—and we will send you a sample Oxen Plaster post free.

All communications to the SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER must be addressed to THE OXEN PLASTER CO., 44 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Although the price of Oxen Plasters is 25¢ each, to the first hundred new friends who can prove they have never before used the Oxen Remedies, and their agents to the first thousand Wonderful Diseases, and all their friends if they are relieved from their miseries, we will send a sample Oxen Plaster post free.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner*Comforting Hints of All Sorts*

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

A Neuralgia Cure

Make a plaster of the white of an egg and black pepper and bind it to the left temple. I've suffered a great deal from neuralgia and that is the only thing I ever got to relieve me. It is simple, try it, those of you who have neuralgia. MISS ELLA PURDON, Cofer, Miss.

Thoroughly soap the bottom of each vessel before setting it directly over the fire and they will become clean much easier.

MRS. MATTIE WHITTLE, East Lake, Tenn.

Finger marks on doors should be rubbed with a cloth wrung out of hot water and dipped in whiting. Rinse and dry thoroughly, rubbing until the polish is restored.

Drinking water should always be boiled. To prevent its tasting flat, pour the water quickly from one jug into another, holding it high so that the air may pass through the water.

Brushes that have been used for paint can be cleansed with turpentine. Alcohol will remove varnish.

The shine that shows on a serge skirt or jacket to be no longer new can easily be removed by sponging the garment with bluing water, such as is used to launder clothes; while still damp, press the part under a thin cloth.

Pudding bags and jelly cloths require care. Wash and hang them to dry directly after

using them. Air them well before putting them away, or they will smell musty.

Frost may be kept from the window panes by rubbing the glass with a thin coating of pure glycerine.

Newspapers or padding should be placed under a carpet every time it is taken up.

A tablespoonful of vinegar put into a paraffine lamp or stove that smells or smokes will cause it to burn with a clear light, and prevent it from smoking.

Utensils made of the popular aluminum must never be washed with soda, or their appearance will be hopelessly ruined.

Fine china plates, saucers and sauce dishes whether decorated or not, should have pads between them when piled. If white felt circles

are not available, squares of ordinary blotting paper will answer the purpose.

A small lump of yellow soap or a few soap shavings placed in a mouse hole will keep the mouse from reappearing.

If too much bluing is put in the water in which clothes are rinsed, add a little household ammonia.

Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against.

Keep the roots of the celery plant dry, and grate them and mix the powder with one third as much salt. Keep in a bottle well corked. This is delicious in soups, gravies, and hashes.

Whiting or ammonia in the water is preferable to soap, for cleaning windows or paint.



Mr. Edison Says:

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American home."

A New Style *Edison Phonograph* Out This Month!

The latest perfected product of Mr. Edison's factory. The New Outfit No. 5 just out! Latest improvements — new features — exclusive points of superiority!

See It — Hear It! Get this remarkable instrument in your own home — then you will see how far superior this is to the ordinary talking machine — far superior even to the fine Edison Machines you have heard heretofore.

FREE TRIAL

While this Offer lasts every responsible person can get on free trial a genuine *Edison Phonograph Outfit*, including 12 Edison genuine gold-moulded records, direct from us to your home: positively not a cent in advance — no deposit — no bother with C. O. D. — no formality of any kind. We allow 48 hours' free trial at your home; and in rural districts up to a week if necessary for convenience of patrons.

Try the Instrument in your home, play the stirring waltzes, the two-steps, concert pieces, minstrel dialogs, old-fashioned hymns and other religious music, beautiful vocal solos, operatic airs and other beautiful Edison gold-moulded records. Play all these, and if them you do not care to keep this wonderful Edison outfit, send the instrument back at our expense — and we will charge you absolutely nothing for the trial.

If you decide to keep this wonderful outfit (and we know you will) you may send cash in full after trial or pay on easiest terms, just as you prefer.

\$2.00 a Month

Machine and 1 dozen genuine Edison gold-moulded records. — Less than \$1 a week for the finest outfit — the great Edison outfit No. 5 — and at surprising rock-bottom price without even interest on payments.

For Cash In Full

So many cash purchasers are taking advantage of this opportunity to secure direct the finest Edison outfit that we are often asked what discount we can allow for cash. We are obliged to say that we give no cash discount, as we have allowed the lowest possible price to those who buy on time and we must treat all the Edison customers alike.

This Easy-Payment Offer places a genuine Edison Phonograph — long known as the luxury of the rich — within reach of everyone — and because we charge only the lowest net cash prices without interest on monthly payments, the rich are also taking advantage of this modern method of saving and are buying *Edison outfits on the EASY PAYMENT PLAN*.

HERE is a picture of the finest *Edison Outfit* — New Outfit No. 5 — which is recognized as the best Phonograph Outfit in the world. The cabinet is 12½ by 8¾ inches and 10¾ inches high and the beautiful new *tulip horn* is more than 2½ feet long and over 7 feet in circumference. We offer this remarkable outfit on

free trial to all responsible parties because we know that after trial hardly anybody ever returns an *Edison Outfit*. When trying it you will see at once the vast superiority of the genuine *Edison*, particularly our new special latest style *tulip horn* *Edison Outfit* over ordinary talking machines; you and your family and everybody that calls at your house will be more than pleased — constantly amused and entertained and you would not part with the instrument if it costs twice or three times what we ask.

SIGN Your Name and Address

Edison Phonograph Distributors

F. K. Babson, Vice-President
Edison Building, Suite 2137 Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligation on either party, we will mail you our beautiful catalog and circular describing in full the wonderful *Edison Phonographs*. You may take any outfit on a trial. Write today. Don't delay. Remember — you pay nothing for a Free Trial, and if you do not want the instrument after you have given it a 48 hours' trial in your home you may return it at our expense. You do not have to pay one cent down, you do not have to make a guarantee and we charge no C.O.D. — Be the first in your town — write right now.

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